

Inside

Victory Sports Series

OCTOBER 1972

47344 K 60¢

Wrestling

**THE NIGHT THE
GIANTS
WENT TO
WAR!!!**

JEAN FERRE

7'-4"

VS.

DON LEO
JONATHAN

6'-9"

FRED CURRY'S
HEARTBREAKING
DECISION:

"I HAD TO LEAVE MY
FATHER TO RESTORE
OUR GOOD NAME!"

MIXED MATCHES—
WITH HUSBANDS
AND WIVES

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If you would like to go through life just that little bit taller. If you really want to change the way others look at you and the way you look at yourself then simply send in the free coupon to us and LEARN THE SECRET OF GROWTH. Post the no-risk coupon and within hours we will rush you Free our height secrets which can enable you to make exciting height gains that will thrill and amaze your friends.

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Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

DETACH ALONG DOTTED LINE.

Inside

Wrestling

CONTENTS/OCTOBER 1972

- 6 OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS**
Latest rankings of the top stars
- 8 FAN CLUB CORNER**
What's happenin' in the swingin' world of fan clubs
- 12 NEWS FROM THE WRESTLING CAPITALS OF THE WORLD**
Up-to-the-minute features and results from all over
- 14 ADVICE FROM THE EXPERTS**
The column that teaches you how to wrestle
- 18 IS THIS MAN THE SHEIK'S BROTHER?**
If so—why does The Sheik want to kill him?
- 20 WHAT MAKES THE FARGOS TICK?**
Their surprise answer will shock you!
- 24 MIXED MATCHES—AND HUSBANDS AND WIVES WRESTLE SIDE BY SIDE!**
It's wrestling's hottest new craze!
- 26 WATCH OUT WORLD!—THE WRECKING CREW AND MURDER INC. ARE BACK!!!**
After a long time two sets of brothers are reunited!
- 30 THE GIRLS INVADE NEW YORK!**
You're at ringside as wrestling history is made!
- 32 THE NIGHT THE GIANTS WENT TO WAR!**
Jean Ferre vs. Don Leo Jonathan in the battle of the giants!
- 38 LITTLE MIKE GRAHAM GROWS UP**
Introducing the newest—and youngest—Graham
- 42 "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU PEOPLE? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHO WE FOUGHT IN THE WAR?"**
The night Terry and Dory Funk Jr. lost their International title!
- 47 THE BEAST AND THE BUTCHER—WHAT ARE THEY?**
Nobody knows and everyone's scared to find out!
- 48 PEN PALS**
Make new friends with a common interest
- 50 "I HAD TO LEAVE MY FATHER TO RESTORE OUR GOOD NAME!"**
The inside story of Fred Curry's heartbreakin decision.
- 54 GO GO GO WHERE THE ACTION IS**
Who's wrestling who—and where
- 56 SINCERELY YOURS**
Your chance to sound off at us!

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PO2VS

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- 2—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 3—THE SPOILER
- 4—GEORGE "ANIMAL" STEELE
- 5—FRED CURRY
- 6—MR. FUJI
- 7—SONNY KING
- 8—PROFESSOR TANAKA
- 9—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 10—EL OLYMPICO

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- 2—EDOUARD CARPENTIER
- 3—IVAN KOLOFF
- 4—BARON VON RASCHKE
- 5—BRUISER
- 6—CRUSHER
- 7—SAILOR ART THOMAS
- 8—JEAN FERRE
- 9—WAHOO McDANIEL
- 10—WILBUR SNYDER

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- 2—SKY LOW LOW
- 3—LORD LITTLEBROOK
- 4—WEE WILLIE WILSON
- 5—FRENCHY LAMONT
- 6—FARMER JEROME
- 7—BILLY THE KID
- 8—LITTLE BRUISER
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- 10—HAITI KID



CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW



JEAN FERRE

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- 5—THE SHEIK
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- 7—TIM WOODS
- 8—JOHN TOLOS
- 9—GENE KINISKI
- 10—PAT PATTERSON

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- 1—THE KANGAROOS
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- 3—BLACKJACK LANZA AND BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
- 4—THE FARGOS
- 5—RAUL MATA & RAY MENDOZA
- 6—THE INFERNO'S
- 7—RIP HAWK AND SWEDE HANSON
- 8—SAKAGUCHI & BABA
- 9—NICK BOCKWINKLE & RAY STEVENS
- 10—DUSTY RHODES AND LARRY HENNIG

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- 2—VIVIAN VACHON
- 3—VICKI WILLIAMS
- 4—PEGGY PATTERSON
- 5—JOYCE BECKER
- 6—TONI ROSE
- 7—ANN CASEY
- 8—DEBBIE JOHNSON
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arms are thickening and get-
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100% better. Thanks.'

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NAME _____ AGE _____

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ZIP _____

(please print clearly)

FAN CLUB CORNER

WRESTLING BI-WEEKLY is the name of an exciting and informative bulletin compiled by Tim Johnson of 160 Buffalo Street, Jamestown, New York 14701. As far as we know this is the only bulletin published so often. It's crammed full of biographies, TV Wrestling reports, ratings, results and worldwide gossip. To get your copy of this great newsletter, drop a line to Tim and be sure you include a self-addressed, stamped envelope!

Another great newsletter gives you reports about the sensational grapplers in Northern California. David Meltzer puts this one together. Beside supplying you with wrestling news, results, and gossip, he also throws in a few words about the fast-moving sport of Roller Derby. Doesn't that sound terrific! David's address is 6562 Winterset Way, San Jose, California 95120. Join the fun!

An established and popular bulletin is "The Canadian Wrestling News and Results." You guessed it—this one's devoted to Canadian pro wrestling. Zipping through the pages you'll find news about The Sheik, Pampero Firpo, Edouard Carpentier and other top names. To get your copy write c/o Denys Douville, 2199 de la Canardiere, Quebec City, 3, Quebec, Canada.

The popularity of Jack and Jerry Brisco is a well-known fact. They have thousands of fans flocking around them wherever they travel. If you're one of their devoted fans you'll want to join their great club. President Wayne Lebo does a great job in keeping fans up-to-date on Jack and Jerry's matches. As a matter of fact, the club's bulletin—"The Oklahoma Cyclones"—is one of the finest in fan club circles. For full details regarding how you can sign up, drop a line to Wayne at 1825 Daytona Road, Miami Beach, Florida 33141.

While we're on the subject of the Brisco boys, there is a brand new monthly bulletin called the "Jack Brisco Monthly." This is not

Jack Brisco relaxes in dressing room before a match. He and brother Jerry have a dynamite fan club!



another fan club—it's strictly a bulletin. Editor Debbi Crane of 1471 Breeze Lane, Melbourne, Florida 32935 just sent us the first issue. Hey, it's really great! To get your copy drop a line to Debbi.

Joe Pottigieser persists in keeping every member of the Ray Stevens club happy. Even though Ray has been out of Joe's area for some time, Joe keeps fans up-to-date on Ray's whereabouts. For full details about joining this wonderful club, write to Joe c/o 3463 Ravendale Court, San Jose, California 95111.

Jerry Jarrett is known as "the one and only," to his supporters. Well the club honoring him—aptly headed by Linda Lee Scott—is the one and *only* club for him! The club's address is Star Route, Riverview Drive, Shepherdsville, Kentucky 40165. How about joinin' up today!

One of the best bulletins around is "East Coast Wrestling Results." The pages are filled with ratings, news, results, of course, and other surprises. To get yours, write to Steven Silverstein, 4006 Demont Road, Seaford, New York. You'll be glad you did!

"You've seen the rest, now see the best!" That's the slogan of the Anderson Brothers' fan club. Pam Daniels is president of this organization with Judy Wroton at the post of vice president. The club is all about Lars, Ole and Gene Anderson. The address to join this club is c/o Pam, 544 Leonard Road, Norfolk, Virginia 23505.

LATE ACTION—"World Wide

Wrestling Federation News" is the theme of Steven Rosenfield's fine bulletin. To get your copy contact Steve at 7001 178th Road, Flushing, New York 11365 . . . Join The Edouard Carpentier Fan Club, 221 Jasper Drive, Security, Colorado 80911 . . . A fast-movin' new club is the one for Jackie Fargo. For details—1382 South 6th Street, Louisville, Kentucky 40208 . . . The Manny Soto club is accepting new members. The address is, c/o Alan Adler, 26 Wildhedge Lane, Holmdel, New Jersey 07733 . . . Eddie Marlin's got a great club. They're located at 5517 Rustic Way, Louisville, Kentucky 40218.

We've been receiving notices that people are starting fan clubs without the wrestlers' permission. This is *illegal* in the fan club world. No club will be listed unless we receive a signed permission slip from the president. This is how your permission slip should read:

I (*wrestler's name*) give my permission to (*club president's name*) to start a fan club in my honor. I will give my full support as my time allows and there will be no other clubs in my honor as long as this one is run satisfactorily.
(*president's signature*)

(*wrestler's signature*)
(*date of signing*)

One more thing. If you are an established fan club and we do not hear from you every so often we cannot list you in THE FAN CLUB CORNER.

That's about all for now.

We'll see you next month in THE FAN CLUB CORNER! Stay well. □



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question: What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: What do you mean by a "command of good English"?

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly

and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your thinking becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

Answer: No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: Is this something new?

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discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question: How do I know it works?

Answer: There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question: Who are some of these people?

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Question: How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?

Answer: Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer: I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells you how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. 899-30 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Ill. 60060.

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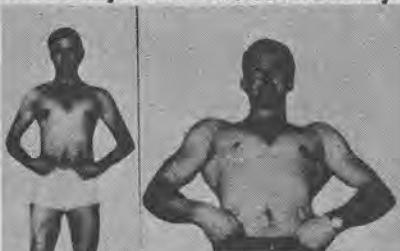
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NEWS FROM THE WRESTLING CAPITALS OF THE WORLD

FLORIDA REPORT

By Mary DeVires,
Tom Goode and Lin Lorimer

In a special "loser leave town" match, Bobby Shane wrestled his former partner Bearcat Wright. The action-packed bout took place in Tampa—the same arena in which Wright and Shane split up!

Bobby entered the ring with a large bandage on his forehead. It was covering a gash given to him by Wright during a tag team match just a few days before.

Well, as soon as the bell rang, Wright clamped Shane in a headlock and ripped the bandage off! Then Bearcat bit Shane right on the wound—opening it. Shane was bleeding badly. Blood was pouring out like a waterfall! Then the "cat man" threw Shane over the top rope and onto the ring apron. Bearcat went after him, leaned the blond on the steel ringpost and headbutted him to his heart's content.

Bearcat's fun was short-lived as Shane ducked one of the butts. Wright hit his head on the steel ringpost and knocked himself unconscious. The bloody Shane dragged Bearcat into the ring and pinned him.

Bearcat Wright has left town.

Another "loser leave town" match, which also involved Shane, took place a few weeks later. Eddie Graham teamed with his son Mike to grapple Shane and The Pro. The contract stated "that the loser of the one fall match leaves town." To the fans delight—Pro was stopped early in the match and is now headed out of town!

Buddy Colt made his Tampa debut by flattening popular Mike George. "If that guy's the type of competition they have around here," Colt complained, "I'm not going to have a hard time winning every title in Florida!"

A special \$5,000 karate match saw the popular Tim Woods come out \$5,000 richer in his battle with Pak Song. Song concentrated strictly on karate while Tim befuddled the Ko-

rean with a mixture of wrestling and karate.

"No disqualification and absolutely no one around the ring," were the terms of a wild brawl between Eddie Graham and Bobby Shane.

During the bout, Shane was in trouble. He ran out of the ring and went over to a weird-looking, long-haired fan who handed him a foreign object. Even that didn't help.

So Shane invited the fan to come into the ring. And he did! He held Eddie while Shane went to ringside, found a vacant chair, brought it back into the ring and smashed it on Eddie's head! But after taking that for awhile, Eddie ducked and the chair smashed into the fan's head—knocking him out. Eddie punched away at Shane, slammed him to the mat, and then made him submit with the Figure-Four-Leglock!

A new masked team in the area is the Zodiac and Taurus, a vicious duo. They have defeated all challengers and are hoping to win the Florida tag team title. By the way—Zodiac won the Southern State title from Tim Woods—in a very strange way. Woods had The Zodiac in a sleeve hold—unaware that his shoulders were on the mat—in a pin position! Zodiac, who was in dreamland, awoke to the news that he was the new champ!

CALIFORNIA CHAOS

By Larry Barnhizer,
Warren Kubota & Tom
Brophy

The San Francisco Cow Palace was alive for a recent topnotch wrestling card. The main event pitted California's recognized U.S. Champion—Pat Patterson—against the giant visitor from the east—big Ernie Ladd.

"Patterson's nuts puttin' his title on the line against me," Ladd told TV viewers a few days before the bout. "I'm too big and strong to get in the ring with a puny punk like him. I will pulverize that bleached blond. I guar-



Ernie Ladd lies stunned as match against Pat Patterson is stopped. *anteet I'll walk out of the ring with that title belt!*

Patterson was cheered by the large crowd which didn't seem to like Ladd at all. What a wild match it was.

Ladd and Patterson battled evenly for some time. At one point Ladd threw Pat out of the ring. Patterson picked up the microphone from the announcer's table, took it into the ring and battered it into the ex-football player's head. Ernie started to bleed! But because of Patterson's use of a foreign object—the microphone—he was disqualified.

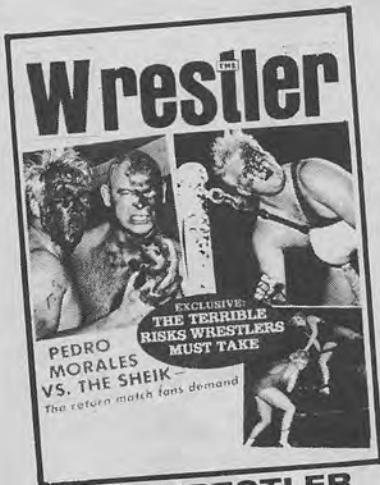
The second fall saw Pat go right to work on Ladd's wound. Shortly after the bell rang, the referee halted the match. He'd felt that Ladd had lost too much blood and was unable to continue.

"That idiot!" Ladd screamed. "I've been cut worse than that while shaving. It was a lousy hometown decision. It'll serve the people right if I never wrestle here again!"

Raul Mata and Ray Mendoza won the Americas tag team title from Killer Kowalski and Kenji Shibuya at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles.

Other Olympic notes—Cyclone Nigro returned after a long absence and shocked everyone by topping Dory Dixon... Fans are buzzing about the flying tactics of Jose Rivera... Billy Graham is disgusting everyone with his dirty ways... Chris and John Tolos continue their wars—individually—against Black Gordman and Goliath. □

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ADVICE

FROM THE EXPERTS



By Karl Gotch



Well built Karl Gotch (left) is considered by his fellow wrestlers to be a master of holds. Above: Karl and Rene Goulet congratulate each other after winning the W.W.W.F. tag team championship belts.

They call Karl Gotch "the man of a thousand holds" and for very good reasons. There isn't a hold he doesn't know—or a hold from which he can't escape. And in this issue Gotch demonstrates two of his favorite holds—holds which have made him one of wrestling's top stars.

ONE OF THE most basic holds in wrestling is the arm bar. But with a little practice and imagination the simple arm bar can be turned into almost anything you want it to be.

The key to the arm bar is leverage. Once put into the proper position, you can use your opponent's weight and strength against him and maneuver him wherever you want simply by the leverage gained by having control over one arm.

To apply the arm bar, grab your opponent's right arm (since most people are right-handed) with your right arm and pull him towards you while you are sneaking around his back. Then trap the arm against your body using your left arm. Make sure the pressure you apply goes in the opposite direction of the way the arm normally bends at the elbow.

Once in this position you can add a wristlock



to the hold by simply grabbing your opponent's wrist (see photo) with your right hand while maintaining the arm bar with your left arm. Simply bend the wrist back and you have the combination arm bar and wristlock.

To take an opponent down from this position just stick your left leg in front of your opponent's legs and lean your body weight towards him. He has to go down. Otherwise, his arm will be broken

Karl demonstrates the armbar and wristlock combination on Buddy Allen (above). This is a hold easily turned into other holds like this combination "chicken wing" and facelock (left) Gotch applies here.

by the force of your body.

Let's say you choose not to take your opponent down. You've got him in the arm bar and wristlock. What next?

As we said earlier, there are any number of other holds you can work off this one. One of them is the combination arm bar and facelock, known in some areas as the "Chicken Wing."

To proceed from the arm bar and wristlock into the chicken wing, observe the following steps:

Release the wristlock with your right hand and place your right arm around your opponent's arm from behind so that your hand winds up behind his back. Then take your left arm and place it around your opponent's chin forcing his chin towards the left.

You should now be in the position shown in the photo. Note the various pressures you may now apply. By pressing your right arm down you put pressure on your opponent's right arm. By forcing his chin to the left you strain the muscles in the area of his neck and right shoulder. By rolling backwards and dropping to the mat you can easily turn this into a body scissors. By placing your hip in front of your opponent's hip and reversing arm positions you can swing into an Abdominal Stretch.

The arm bar and wristlock is far from being one of wrestling's spectacular holds. But it is one of the most useful. It's a starting point for any number of other holds and one which should be mastered before going on to the more complicated maneuvers.

But remember, either of these holds can result in a broken arm, broken wrist or dislocated shoulder if applied wrong or if applied with too much pressure. Make sure that when you practice these holds you put no pressure on.



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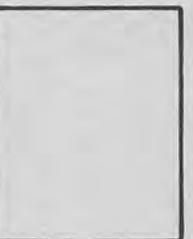
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- AUG/68
- OCT/68
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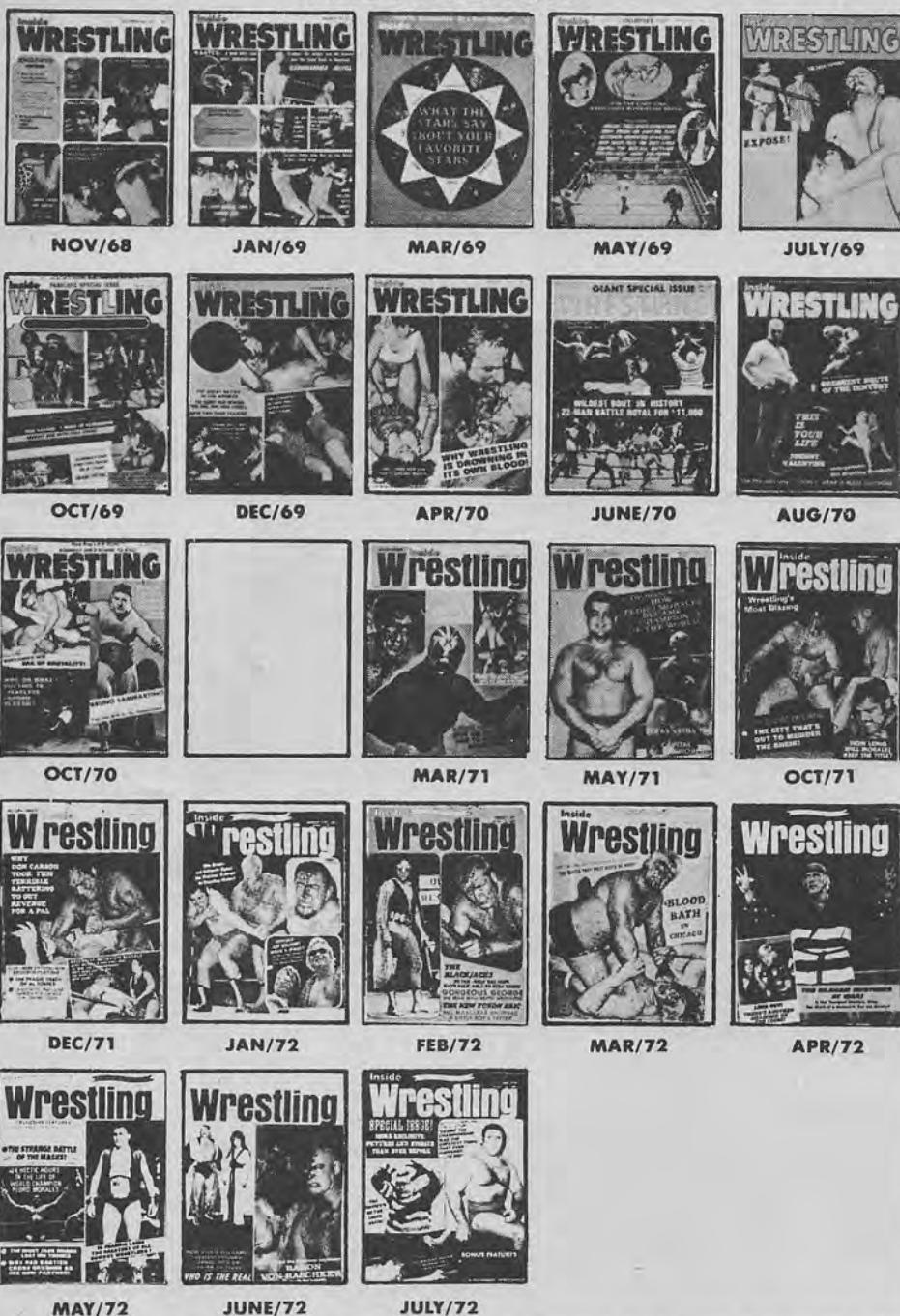
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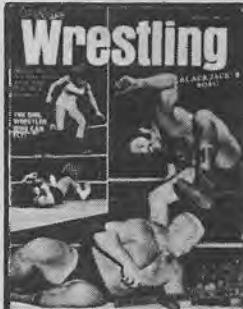
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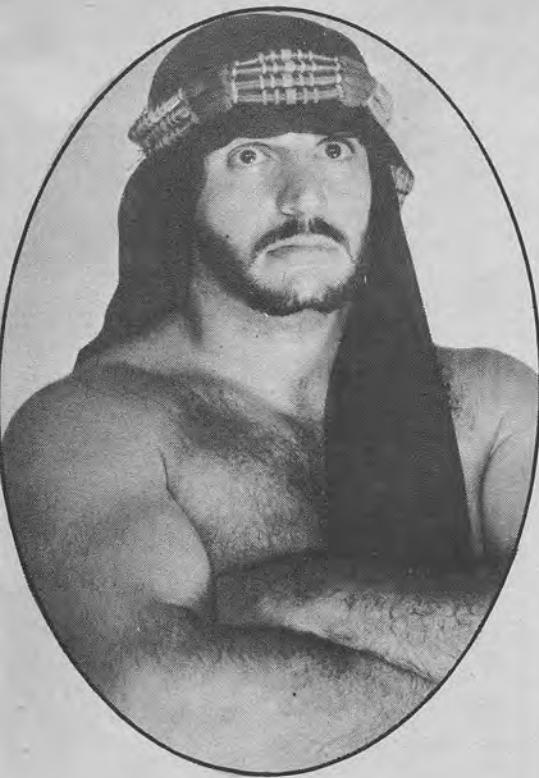
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Mephisto (right) bears a striking resemblance to The Sheik (above). They're so similar many insiders believe they may be brothers!

IN A RECENT issue of THE WRESTLER there was a story titled "This Is Your Life—The Sheik." In that story it was mentioned that The Sheik has a brother in Saudi Arabia who became king of their desert tribe upon the death of their father.

Recently, newspapers carried a story about the disintegration of Arabian desert tribes and the end of the nomadic way of life. The Sheik's

brother's tribe was one that broke up as members went to live in the cities and towns.

Coincidentally, shortly after that incident, a new wrestler appeared on the Florida wrestling scene. He calls himself "The Great Mephisto" and admits he's from Saudi Arabia. He looks like the Sheik. He speaks the same kind of gutteral Arabic The Sheik speaks. He brings a prayer rug into the ring and prays to Allah be-



IS THIS MAN THE SHEIK'S BROTHER?

fore each match just like The Sheik does. The similarities are astounding.

Is it coincidence? Or is this man who calls himself "Mephisto" really The Sheik's brother?

"I am *not* The Sheik's brother or any other relative of his," insisted Mephisto after he unsuccessfully tried to take the Southern Heavyweight Championship away from Tim Woods. "Until I came to this

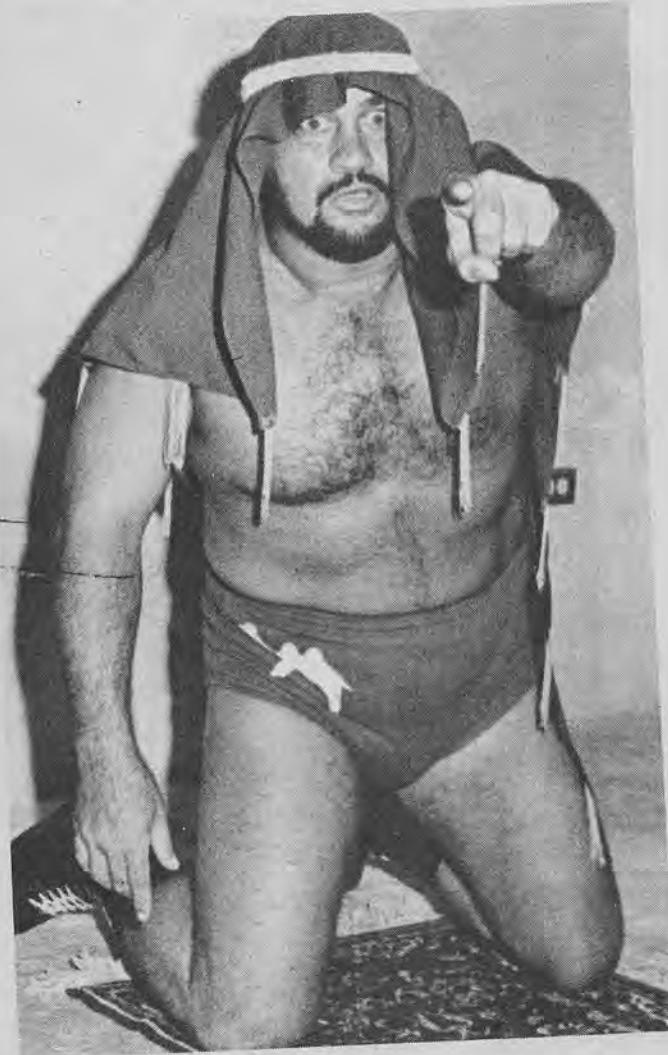
country I never heard of The Sheik. We both happen to come from the same country and that's why we seem so much alike. All our people pray to Allah. All our people are olive-complexioned. It's just that people in the United States have seen so few Saudi Arabians we all seem to look alike."

Abdullah Farouk, spokesman for The Sheik, backed up Mephisto's claim that he's not The Sheik's broth-

er. "I don't know who this bum is," Farouk said, "but I know who he isn't. And he isn't The Sheik's brother, cousin, uncle, nephew, or next-door neighbor. The man is a fraud. He's imitating my Sheik. Just look at him—he wears the same camel trunks as my Sheik, his prayer shawl is designed exactly the same and he even does the Camel Walk—something only my Sheik has done for so many years. I'd advise this 14-karat phony to go back to wherever he came from before The Sheik catches up to him and sends him home in a box!"

"The only similarity I can see between The Sheik and myself," Mephisto claimed, "is that we both offer

(Continued on page 62)



Mephisto goes into a rage (above) when a reporter disturbs his prayer ritual in the dressing room before a match in San Francisco, California.

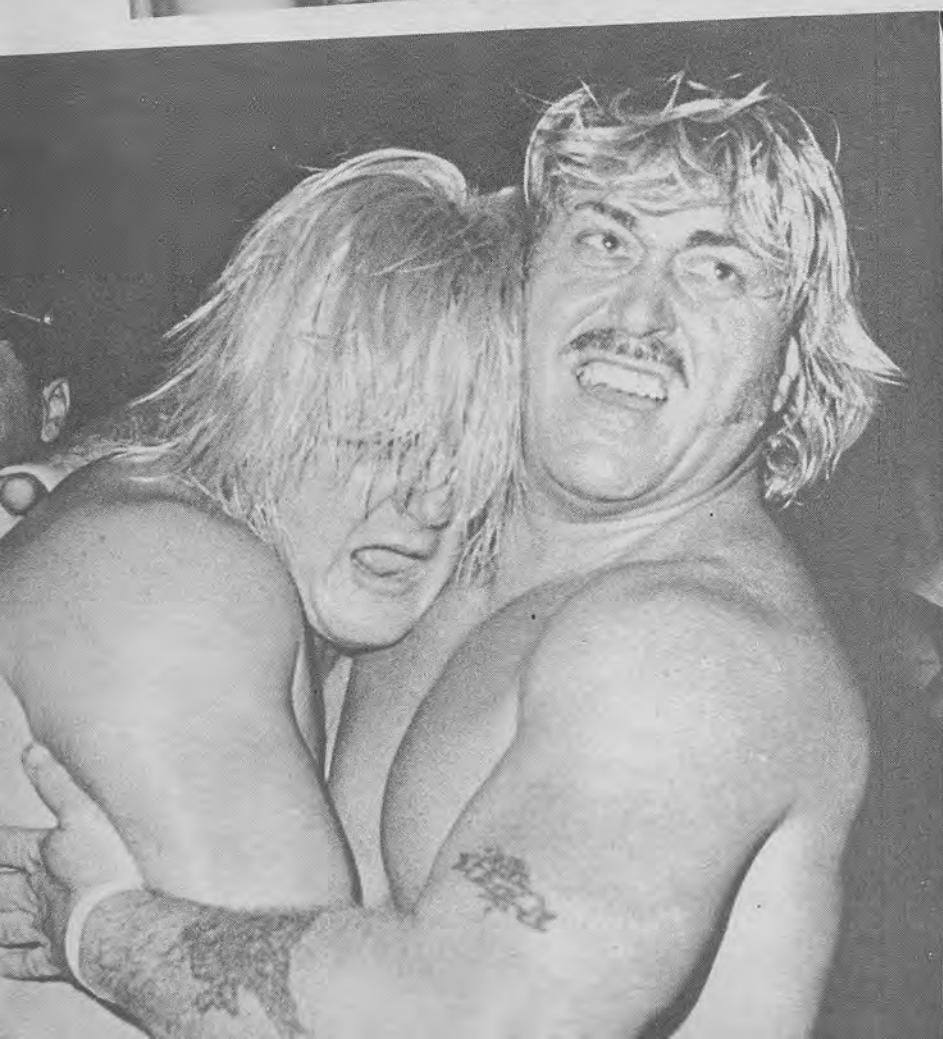
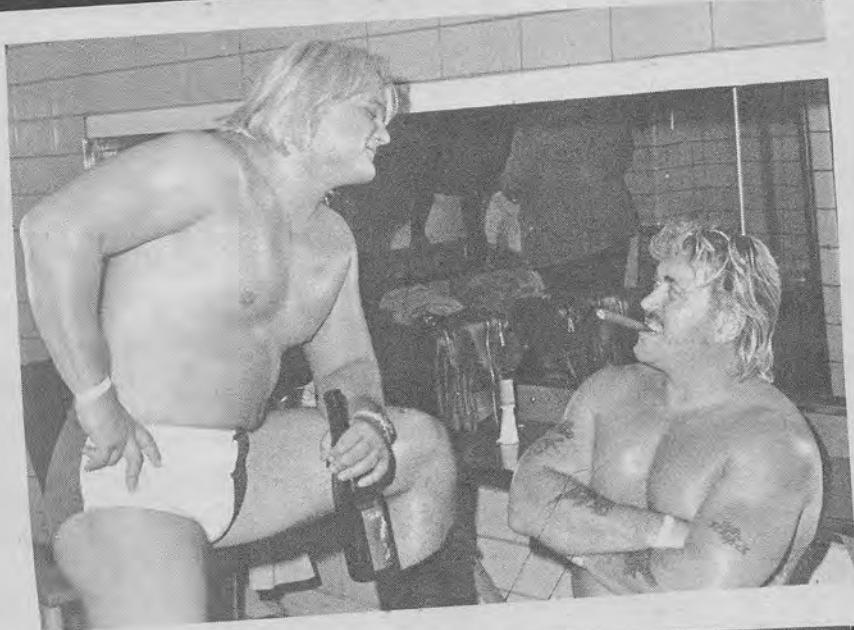
Right: Abdullah Farouk and The Sheik are as mad as can be about the man both consider a phony.



He comes from Saudi Arabia. So does The Sheik. He kneels on his prayer shawl to pray to Allah before each match. So does The Sheik. He has a picture of a camel on his trunks. So does the Sheik. Yet both men swear they don't even know each other!

WHAT MAKES THE

"WE SMOKE GOOD CIGARS... DRINK GOOD LIQUOR... STAY OUT



The Fargos (above) pose with their N.W.F. tag team championship belts. Left: Donny consoles Johnny after he lost a fall. Top, left: While Donny smokes a cigar Johnny holds a bottle of booze. Some training!

DONNY FARGO LEANED back in an easy chair contentedly puffing on a big cigar. In his other hand he held a double scotch on the rocks. On the end table a little black book lay open and in it a girl's name was underlined in red.

Donny Fargo was in training again.

"That's the way—the only way—to train," Donny told us in his Utica, New York, motel room. "The good life. Treat yourself well and you'll be happy. And a happy wrestler is a successful wrestler. I train on booze, broads and cigars and I'm one-half of the National Wrestling Federation tag team champions—the Fargos. Now you tell me. Are my methods successful or not?"

For years the Fargo Brothers—

FARGOS TICK?

LATE WITH WILD WOMEN... AND WE'RE STILL THE CHAMPIONS"



Donny and Jackie—were one of the top tag teams in the world. But Jackie began to tire of the constant traveling and he wanted to retire. However, he waited until the third Fargo—John—came along so the great Fargo tradition could continue uninterrupted.

"Back in the '50's and early '60's my brother and I wrestled around the New York City area," Donny recalled, "and if you remember we were the world's tag team champions. We were strictly big time. We were known as the 'Fabulous Fargos' and that name was known all over the civilized world. We were the first ones to sell out the old Madison Square Garden. We drew 22,000 people and made \$61,000 in 1960. I'll never forget it. The streets were full of people trying to get in. But they couldn't. We were wrestling Argentina Rocca and a fellow named Perez. After that night we sold the Garden out eight more times. The whole world wanted to see the Fabu-

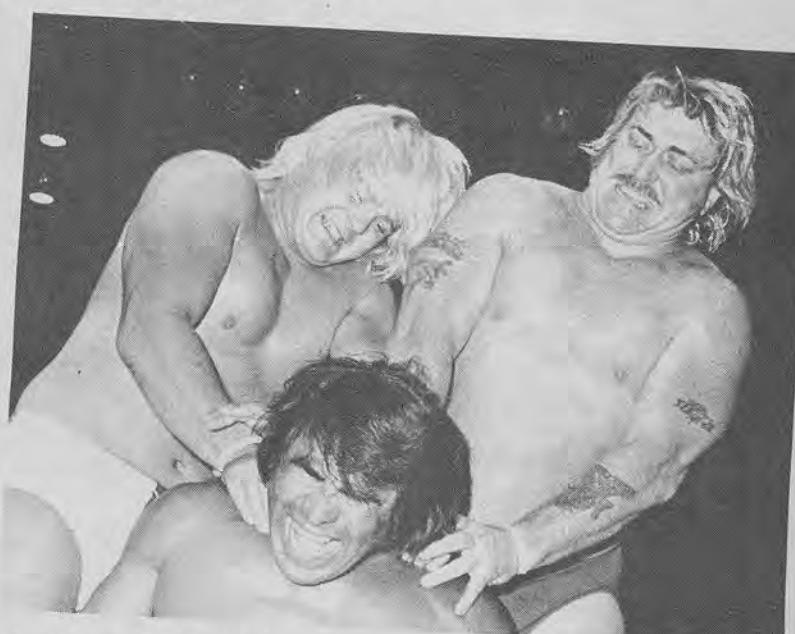
lous Fargos—the blond bombers of wrestling. We wore the most fantastic outfits you ever saw. We really put class into wrestling.

"While this was going on my younger brother John was patiently learning the trade from my father, a great wrestler in his own right. He was working every day in the Y.M.C.A., waiting for the day when he could join us."

Since the glory days of the Fabulous Fargos, many teams as well as individual wrestlers have copied their ostentatious style. But it was Jackie and Donny who were among the innovators of the flashy sequined jackets, the cocky, self-confident strut, the blond hair.

"My brother Jackie and myself were one of the first besides Buddy

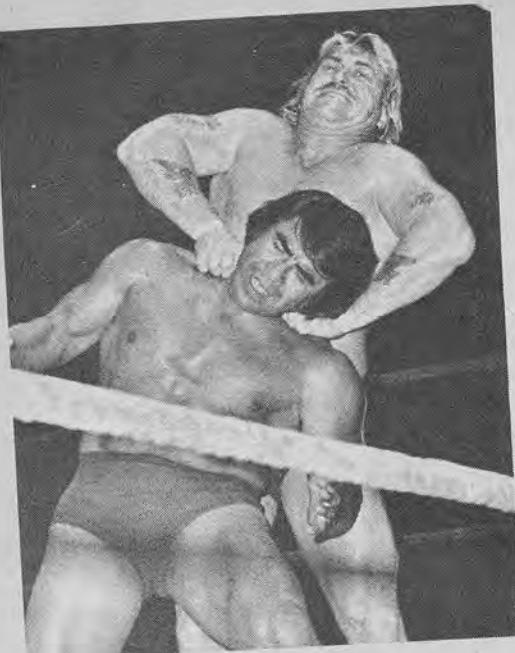
At the height of their careers in the early '60's, the Fabulous Fargos, Donny and Jackie, were virtually unbeatable. When Jackie retired it seemed the triumphant reign of the Fargo Brothers had ended. But there's another Fargo—John—and together with Donny and their strange philosophy, they're back at the top again!



The Fargos double team Luis Martinez and work on the nerves in his neck. Many teams have copied the style of the original Fargos—including the blond hair, strut and wild jackets.

Rogers and Gorgeous George, of course, to use the strut, the flamboyant jackets and all the other stuff," Don remembered. "I'm flattered that so many other wrestlers chose to imitate us. Many still do. My brother and I had a great team and the proof is in all the other teams who try to imitate us. But my younger brother John and myself have an even better team because I've got the experience and he's got the youth.

"This makes a lot of difference. Also, we've wrestled together all



Donny Fargo (left) chokes Luis Martinez, but brother John (right) is on the wrong end of a Dom DeNucci backdrop. Below: A common Fargo tactic, Johnny keeps the referee occupied while Donny chokes Luis Martinez who's trapped under ropes. It's teamwork like this that allows the Fargos to get away with murder. "Great individual stars don't always make great tag team wrestlers," Donny Fargo explained.



our lives. We know each other's thoughts, each other's styles, each other's moves. We're not individualists. And this is the biggest problem that has always faced tag teams. It has destroyed even the best teams. Because no matter how good you are as an individual wrestler—it doesn't mean you'll be good as part of a team! In fact, I'd say the opposite is true. Some wrestlers come from different parts of the country and team up. They may be great wrestlers by themselves. But they don't know each other's styles and each other's moves and when they challenge us those weaknesses are immediately apparent. They get in the ring and try to out-do each other. And it's a proven fact that you can't beat two men who think alike."

Despite his wrestling ability, it isn't only owning part of the N.W.F. championship that keeps Donny's name in the news. Not long ago in Mobile, Alabama, Donny was reported to have slugged and knocked out Bob Caldwell, a representative of the N.W.A., in the middle of the ring. And one thing you just do not do is slug an association commissioner in the middle of the ring and get away with it. But according to Donny, that's not how it happened at all.

"What really happened down there was that it was Cowboy Bob Kelly and not me who slugged the man from the commission," Donny explained. "I'd had quite a few matches with Kelly and we finally went to a brass knuckles match to settle things once and for all. The N.W.A. man came down to investigate and he jumped into the ring. Nobody knew who he was. For all either Kelly or

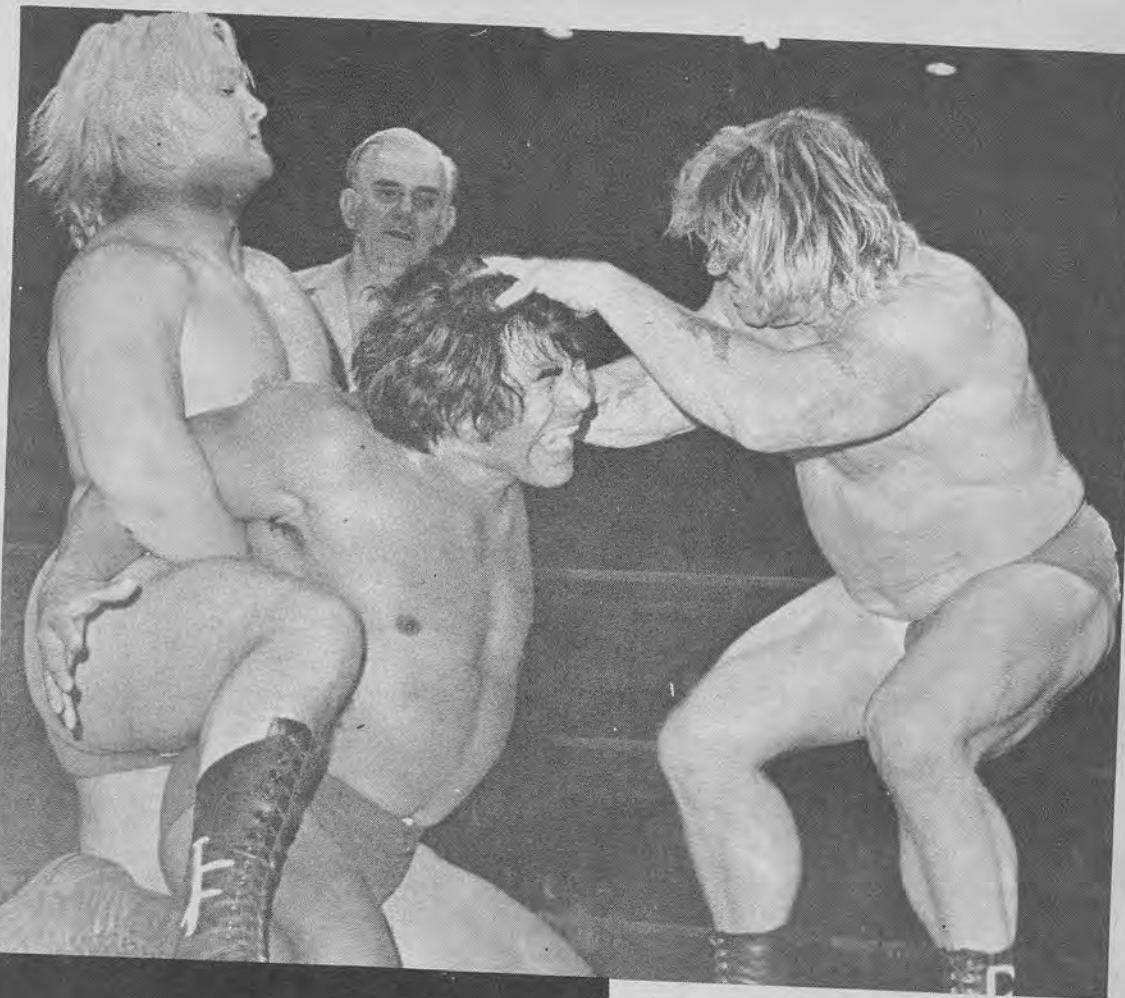


myself knew he could have been a crazed fan trying to attack one of us. Kelly hit the man from the commission and he was suspended. He tried to get a petition so he could come back and he got his petition, but by that time I'd taken off to fulfill dates in a new area. I don't know how the

rumor began that I hit the N.W.A. representative—but it's not true."

Because of the reputation the Fargos had when Donny was teaming with Jackie, they haven't had any problems in getting matches with top rated tag teams. It's still a feather in any team's cap to be able to say

While John holds Luis Martinez' arms behind his back (right) his brother tries to rip the Mexican's ear off! Below: John tries to entice Luis into his corner where Donny is waiting to double team Martinez. Dirty tactics? Donny doesn't deny it. "I believe in dirty tactics," he said, "because that's the name of the game. Winning. Winning is everything. If we have to cheat to do it—we'll cheat. That's what we believe in."



they knocked off the Fargos and therefore few men are in a better position to judge the frustrations of other teams than Don Fargo.

"Me and my brother won the world's tag team title in New York (N.W.F. version) against Dominic DeNucci and Tony Parisi," Fargo

said, "and since then Tony Parisi has lost heart and left. DeNucci still wants to make big money and get that title back. A winner gets more than a loser and a champion gets the most of all. So he's still here. He's trying to find a good partner but meanwhile he's teaming with this

jumping bean Luis Martinez, a good wrestler but too much of an individualist to ever be successful as part of a team. DeNucci is trying to find someone so hard and so bad he'll never beat us."

One reason he may not is the fact that the Fargos use "dirty" tactics—especially when they're in danger of losing their title. Donny doesn't deny it at all.

"I believe in dirty tactics," he said, "because that's the name of the game—to win. I believe in one thing. To win. That's everything. If we have to cheat we'll do it. I just believe in things like that. My brother and I have a good motto. 'Smoke good cigars, drink good liquor, stay out late and dissipate.' That's the way you become a champion."

"I know some people say that it's not a good image for kids to look up to. Well I don't care much about kids looking up to me—athlete or not. Fans don't mean a thing to me. Money means something to me and that's what we're in the business for—mon-

(Continued on page 58)

WRESTLING'S HOTTEST NEW CRAZE

MIXED MATCHES — WITH HUSBANDS AND WIVES WRESTLING SIDE- BY-SIDE!



Anything goes in a husband-wife mixed match—including body slamming your opponent's wife (above) as Billy Blue Rivers does to Joyce Becker. Left: The Becker family (Joyce and George) chalks up another triumph. They've yet to be defeated in husband-wife mixed matches.

Wherever mixed matches are permitted, fans go crazy over them. And now some cunning promoters have added even more spice to this unique kind of competition—mixed matches involving husbands and wives!



Beverly Shade (left) and husband Billy Blue Rivers are full of confidence before their mixed match against the Beckers. Below: Joyce monkey flips Beverly Shade over her head towards George's corner. But Beverly evaded the grasp of her opponent's husband and managed to tag her own husband.



MANY PSYCHOLOGISTS will tell you it's bad for a husband and wife to work together. There's a tendency for them to get on each other's nerves. But Joyce and George Becker think it's great to work together—although until recently they wouldn't have been able to.

The newest craze sweeping the south is husband-wife tagteam wrestling. And although there isn't an of-

ficial husband-wife championship title—Joyce and George could very well claim the championship since they haven't lost one yet.

Mixed matches—especially when it winds up as man against woman—can get a bit sticky in normal conditions. But when it's husbands against wives—all hell's liable to break loose.

At Morgantown, North Carolina, the Beckers tangled with Billy Blue

Rivers and his wife, Beverly Shade. And by the time the wild bout ended it seemed a divorce might be imminent. Beverly wound up slugging her husband when he lost the third and final fall to George Becker and it looked like a capacity crowd would have a ringside seat at a family squabble.

"That's the trouble with these husband-wife matches," George Becker said with a big grin on his face. "What guy likes to lose in front of his wife? He'll never hear the end of it. So far we've been lucky. Even if I lose the deciding fall I doubt that my wife would say 'you cost us the match.' But some of the other guys have really gotten chewed out by their wives when they lost. I know one couple who didn't speak to each other for two weeks after he lost the deciding fall."

One problem these matches present is how to handle a situation when a husband winds up wrestling the other wrestler's wife. "It's really a problem," said Billy Two Rivers. "You're afraid to clamp a hold on her because you may accidentally grab the wrong thing. During the match tonight I picked up George's wife for a body slam. Suddenly I realized I was holding a woman. I was so scared I hardly slammed her at all. I mean how would you feel if you permanently injured someone else's wife?"

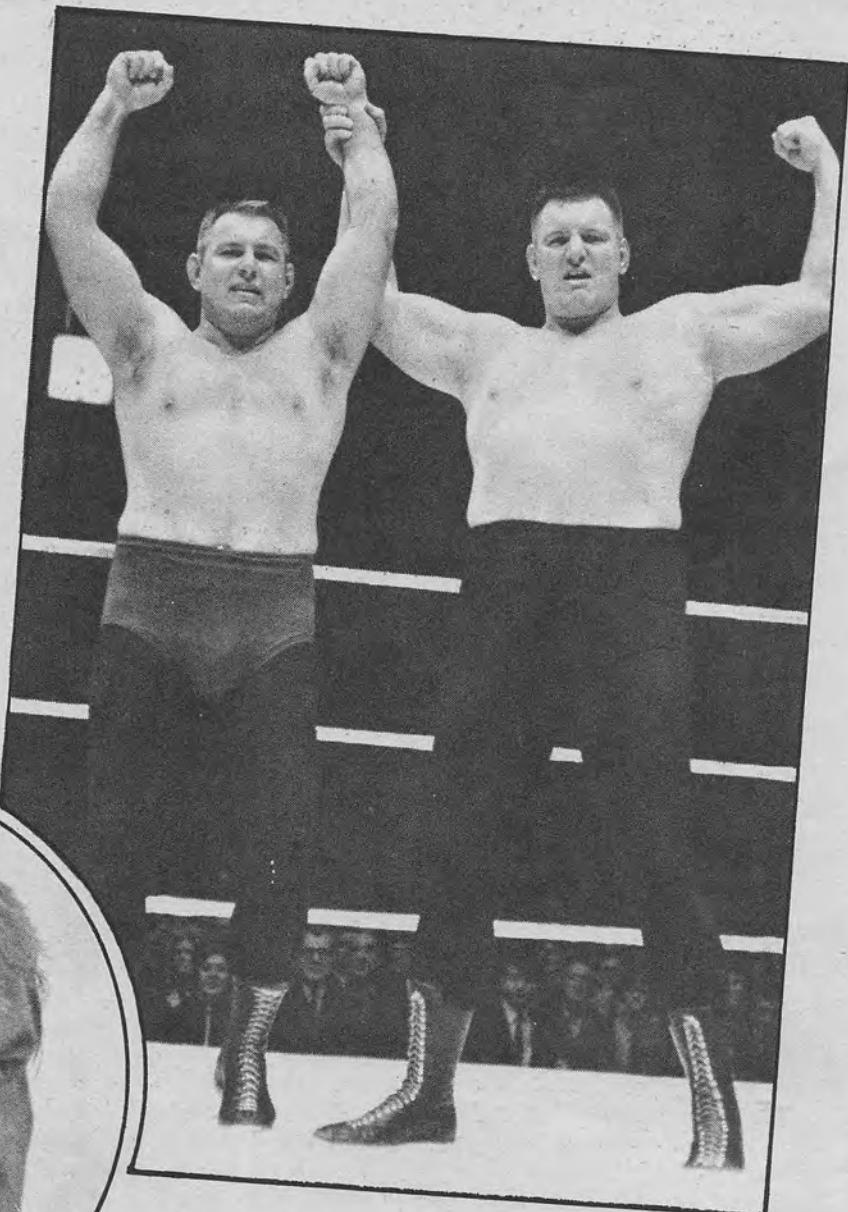
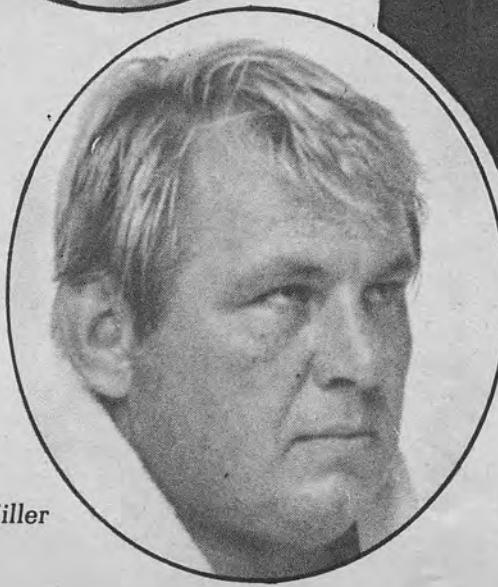
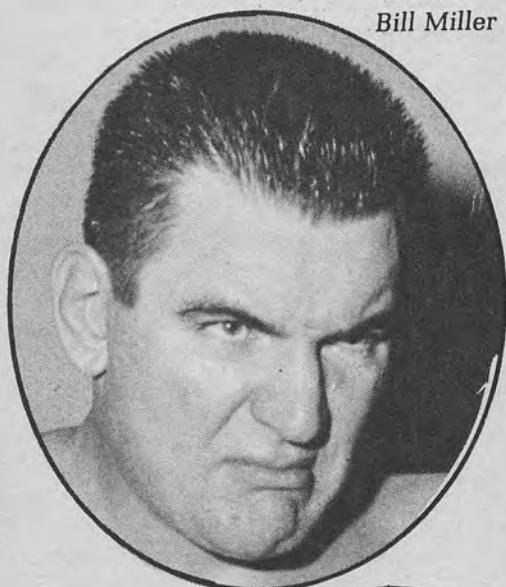
"That's the problem with you," his wife told him. "You're too nice—too concerned about other people. If you weren't so concerned about our opponents we might have won the match!"

If the men were concerned about injuring the women...the women certainly didn't show the same concern about the men. Both Billy Two Rivers and George Becker got trapped in their opponents' corners, being held by the husband while the wife slugged away. And when the

(Continued on page 53)

WATCH OUT WORLD – THE WRECKING CREW AND MURDER INC. ARE BACK!!!

Bill Miller



Dan and Bill Miller raise their arms after polishing off another pair of opponents. This is how they looked when teamed up in their "Murder Inc." days.

Murder Inc. The Greek Wrecking Crew. Two names that come blazing out of the wrestling headlines of the past. But it's not the past we're talking about. Because these two devastating teams—the Miller brothers and the Tolos brothers—are both back together again!

IN THE EARLY '60's, two tag teams terrorized opponents as well as fans all over the United States and Europe. One was known as "Murder Inc." which was made up of Big Bill Miller and his little brother Danny. Little, that's a laugh! Danny tipped the scales at 240 pounds and stood 6-2! That's some little kid, eh?

The second team we're speaking

about was known as "The Wrecking Crew." If you're an avid fan you know that the Tolos Brothers were the proud owners of this title.

The Miller Brothers earned the right to be billed as "Murder Inc." because whenever they wrestled they really went out to murder their opposition!

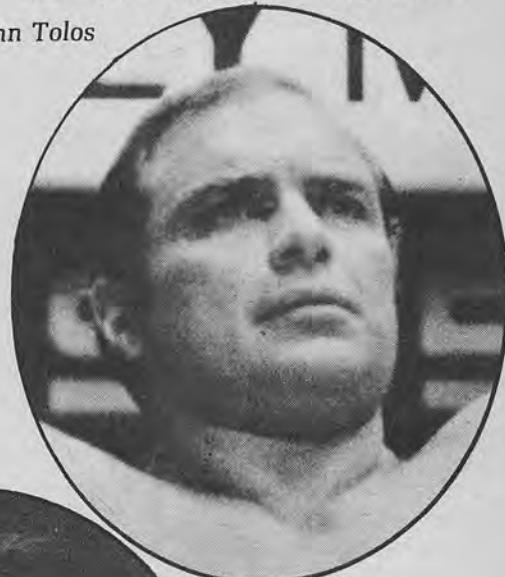
"Danny and I will make sure no team ever wants to wrestle us again,"

Bill said after one of his early bouts with his brother. "Getting into the ring with us is like committing suicide."

And that's the truth! The Millers left a trail of broken limbs, bones and flowing blood from city to city. Very few wrestlers ever had the opportunity, or guts, for that matter, to meet them a second time.

Chris and John Tolos were so brutal they stated that "we'll give \$50,000 to any team that licks us!" They never lost that pile of dough. That should give you an idea of the competition they provided to opposing teams. But they didn't keep that money by showing how skillful they were as wrestlers. They proved it by showing how animalistic they were. They would

John Tolos



Chris and John Tolos, for years known as the "Greek Wrecking Crew," are reunited on the west coast. The brothers plan to annex the world team championship.

Chris Tolos



Big Bill Miller hoists Edouard Carpentier up by his throat (left) as brother Dan looks on from his corner. Right: Mercilessly, Bill chokes Enrique Guzman until Guzman's tongue hangs out. Below: Baron Fritz Von Raschke already has a big mouth—but Danny and Bill decide it needs more stretching.



rather see their opponents bleed to death than let them walk out with the money.

A sigh of relief was heard around the wrestling scene between 1964 and 1965. Both Bill and Dan Miller had begun to wrestle in single bouts as did Chris and John Tolos.

"Bill was a little better known than I was," Danny commented. "It was my idea to break the team up because I was really getting tired of hearing, 'Hey, there's Bill Miller's kid brother.' So I told Bill I wanted to go it alone. At first he didn't like the idea."

"I sure didn't," Bill added. "Danny's my younger brother and I always looked out for him. I was afraid he wouldn't be able to handle himself on his own. He had a lot of bad ring habits I didn't like."

"What he considered bad habits," Danny continued, "was just my way of revolting—trying to show my brother I was trying to get into my own style instead of copying him as I was taught."

The split did wonders for both Bill and Danny. Danny did fall into his own style after awhile.

"It was hard for me to get booked by promoters because I wasn't with my brother," Danny recalled. "One promoter in Florida did try me out but I wasn't asked back. He said I was a carbon of Bill. He could get the real thing if he wanted to. Ouch, that hurt. So I decided to make a big change. I'd stick to wrestling 'clean,' so to say. That way I'd be just the opposite of my brother. Well it work-

ed. I begged that promoter to give me another chance. You know, I stayed in Florida—working for the same promoter for almost five years!"

Bill had a hard time getting bookings for the simple reason that most wrestlers were just too scared to meet him! They'd heard about his murderous reputation. However, some "superstars" did take Bill on and were punished like they never were before! Not to name-drop, but the list included Edouard Carpentier, Johnny Valentine and Cowboy Bob Ellis!

Because of the shortage of opponents, Big Bill changed his identity. He put on a mask and became the mysterious Crimson Knight. All the wrestlers who were afraid of Bill and accepted matches with The Knight didn't realize what they were doing.

"If I would have known it was Miller you couldn't have gotten me in the ring for a million bucks," commented one preliminary wrestler. "I don't want to get killed in the ring."

It's still hard to find good opponents for big Bill. Danny is loved in Florida and never thought he'd rejoin Bill in the ring.

"Bill came to visit me and I returned the favor, visiting his home in Toronto, Canada. This also happened to be on a night he was wrestling tag team style. I went to the arena with him and when he got there the promoter told Bill his partner called in sick. I don't know what came over me. My mouth just opened and the words, 'I'll step in for him Bill,' came out. And sure enough we were back together again!"

"The match was great. I hadn't



John Tolos (left) tries to choke the life out of Killer Kowalski—a move he and brother Chris have down pat. Right: The Invader is a victim of Chris Tolos' giant swing. Below: John strains as he pulls an opponent practically out of shape. Who's on the other end? Chris, of course, and he was pulling in the opposite direction!



gouged eyes or bitten an opponent in almost five years. I couldn't believe how much I was enjoying it!"

After the match the brothers sat down over dinner and agreed they wanted to stick together—and also wrestle single matches on occasion. It's Murder Inc. all over again!

What made the Tolos brothers split and now reunite?

"Very simple," Chris bragged upon rejoining John in Los Angeles—the first time they've teamed in over five years. "We held every tag team title in the world. The U.S. title, World title, International title, Southern State title—I could go on naming them all day. But John and I, the Golden Greeks, wanted more. We wanted to win every single title. So we split."

"We did okay except for one

thing," John added. "None of the so-called world champions would wrestle us. Take, for example, the time Dory Funk Jr. came to California. I'd been wearing the Americas' Championship belt and was considered the number one world title contender. Well Funk didn't want to wrestle me. You know what he said? 'I want to get used to wrestling in tag matches, Mr. Tolos. You're an expert at them. Would you help me out?'

Well, I felt sorry for the kid so I taught him everything I could. But I never got a chance to get him in the ring. Even Pedro Morales is scared of me and Chris. So is Gagne. These are proven facts!"

John did better than Chris if you look at the record book. He held the Americas' title, the United National

title and half of the Americas' tag team title.

Chris confined his activities to eastern Canada.

"John and I really reunited because of the fans," Chris admitted. "Everywhere I went people would always ask me when John and I were going to get back together again. I kinda missed wrestling alongside my brother so I called him in L.A. and suggested we get back together again. John thought it was a great idea."

"I told him to come on out," John interjected. "I told him how great the fans are out here and that there's an awful lot of garbage that needs cleaning up—people like Goliath, Gordman, Kowalski and them. When we got together it was like old times. The Golden Greeks were back together again."

The Tolos brothers' activities will not be confined to the west coast, however. John plans to visit Chris's stamping grounds—Toronto—to help wipe up some of their enemies up there. After that they're contemplating a world tour.

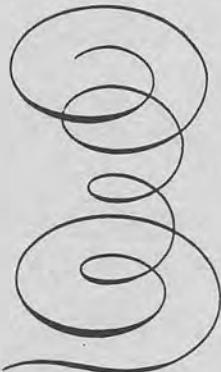
So after all these years two of the truly premier tag team combinations are back together again. Perhaps this will trigger off a chain reaction of former teammates reuniting.

But whether it does or doesn't—these two combinations should be enough to keep many wrestlers busy for awhile. They don't call them "Murder Inc." and the "Wrecking Crew" for nothing! □

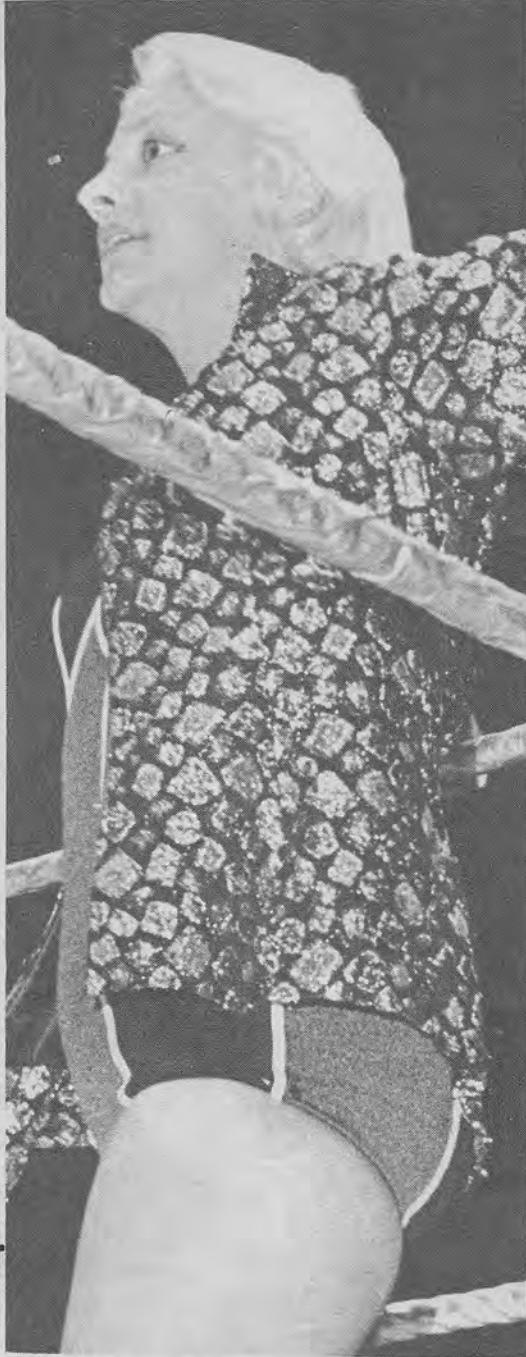


World champion Fabulous Moolah waits in her corner before the history-making match in Madison Square Garden gets underway.

THE GIRLS INVADE NEW YORK!!!



RINGSIDE AT WRESTLING HISTORY —



Vicki Williams gazes out at the huge audience. This was by far the biggest audience Vicki has ever wrestled in front of.

New York City always becomes a ghost town over the July 4th holiday as everyone tries to get to the beaches or the countryside. But this year 20,000 people jammed Madison Square Garden to see history made.

FABULOUS MOOLAH SAT on a bench in a dressing room in Madison Square Garden.

"So what?" you ask.

So plenty!

That in itself is an event.

Because as the woman's world champion sat there and talked to reporters—history was being made!

For the first time ever—women wrestlers were appearing in the state of New York!

Aside from her being the champion, it was appropriate that of all the girl wrestlers who could have been picked for the honor, the promoter chose Fabulous Moolah. The champion has battled for the rights

of women wrestlers for years!

Across the corridor, in another dressing room, Vicki Williams nervously paced back and forth. Vicki, rated the number one challenger at the time, was also a good choice. She represents the new breed of lady wrestler—the young, defiant type of girl who refused to take "no" for an

Fabulous Moolah checks a rule with referee Dick Kroll while Vicki maintains her glaring look at her opponent. The Garden crowd gave both girls a warm reception.



Vicki (left) tries to apply a Boston Crab on Moolah, but the champion got out of it. Below: Close-up shot from an unusual angle shows both gals tangled up.



answer and battled for the right of her and her counterparts to earn a living everywhere. Even in New York.

"I'm so nervous I'm speechless," Vickie admitted before the match. "I've never wrestled before a crowd of this size before. And in Madison Square Garden! Do you realize the great athletes in all sports who have stood where I'll be standing? This is something I'll always remember."

Moolah was her usual composed, confident self. She explained to newspaper, magazine and television reporters—many of whom had never seen a women's wrestling match—what the sport was all about.

They were amazed when she told them what she earns, the places she's

seen, the people she's met. She enchanted them with stories and impressed them with what it meant to the gals to finally crash the last big barrier. By the time the non-wrestling press left they'd all been captivated by the charm of this gracious woman.

"I don't know what I expected the world champion woman wrestler to be like," wrote one scribe, "but I was pleasantly surprised when I met the Fabulous Moolah. She's a wife, a mother, an intelligent woman, and she could be your next door neighbor. Except that she's very good at what she does and it earns her in excess of \$50,000 a year—much more than your next door neighbor probably makes."

"Admittedly," he continued, "girl wrestling doesn't turn me on. But male wrestling doesn't turn me on either. I'll stick to hockey. However, and this is the important point, it does interest thousands of people all over the world. And there's not a thing wrong with it to have caused New York to have banned it for all these years.

"To Fabulous Moolah and Vickie Williams and all who follow I can only say welcome!"

Even among the usually cynical reporters the reaction was the same. The girls belonged in New York every bit as much as the men.

The match itself was a good one. Vicki was visibly nervous at the beginning. She made a few mistakes. Moolah, on the other hand, made herself right at home. "Garden jitters?" she said when one reporter asked her about the famous affliction that strikes most athletes on their first appearance there. "Nope," Moolah stated. "No jitters. A ring is a ring. Other than being happy at being here after all these years the Garden didn't affect me."

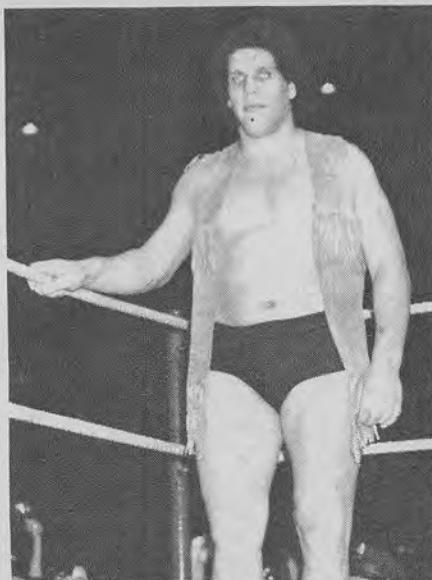
"It sure affected me," Vicki noted. "I didn't do as well as I know I could. I wanted to win the title so bad I just plain blew it. I've wrestled Moolah before and I know I can take her. I was hoping this would be the night but I guess I just psyched myself out. Still, even though I didn't walk out of here with the championship, I wouldn't trade tonight for anything. I helped make history and I'm proud for myself and I'm proud for all the women wrestlers."

It was obvious from the ovation the girls received both before and after the match that the crowd also felt proud to be in on a little history making.

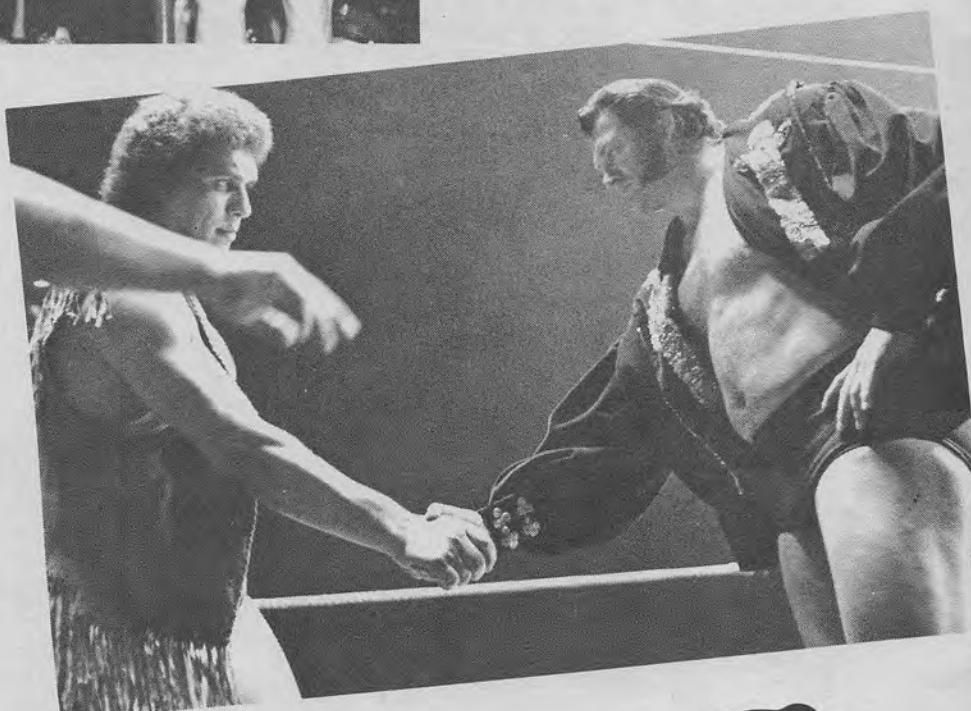
"In all honesty," said one fan who'd been coming to the Garden for years, "I'm not a big fan of girl wrestling. I could take it or leave it. But I always thought they had a perfect right to be here and I'm glad they are. Moolah and Williams put on a good match and I think they convinced everyone that the girls are here to stay."

And to that, this magazine can only echo what the reporter wrote in his column.

Welcome!



Don Leo Jonathan (far left) holds his arms high as cheering fans clamor for an autograph. But his ovation didn't match that given to Jean Ferre (left) when he was introduced. Below: The moment all Canada was waiting for is finally coming to pass as Ferre and Don Leo Jonathan shake hands before the beginning of their contest.



THE NIGHT THE GIANTS WENT TO WAR!!!

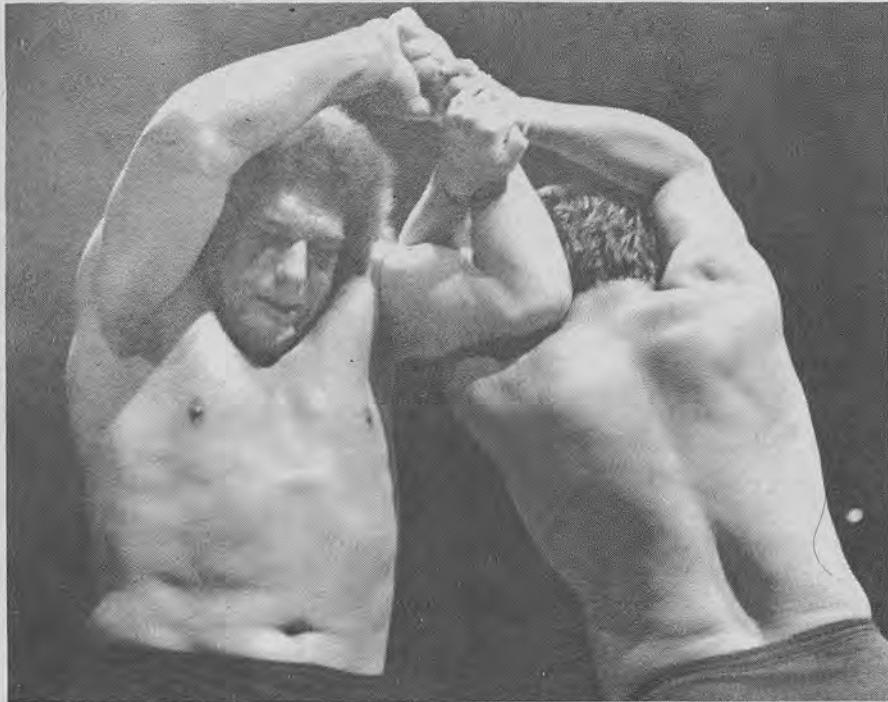
The ground shook under their very weight. More than 18,000 fans jammed every inch of the famous Montreal Forum paying \$86,000 to get in. Never before had anyone seen anything like it and they knew they might never see its like again!

DON LEO JONATHAN stands six feet, seven inches tall and weighs 325 pounds.

Jean Ferre stands seven feet, four inches tall and weighs 385 pounds.

And on a chilly night in May in the year 1972 these two mammoth wrestlers came together in a match that started the very ground they

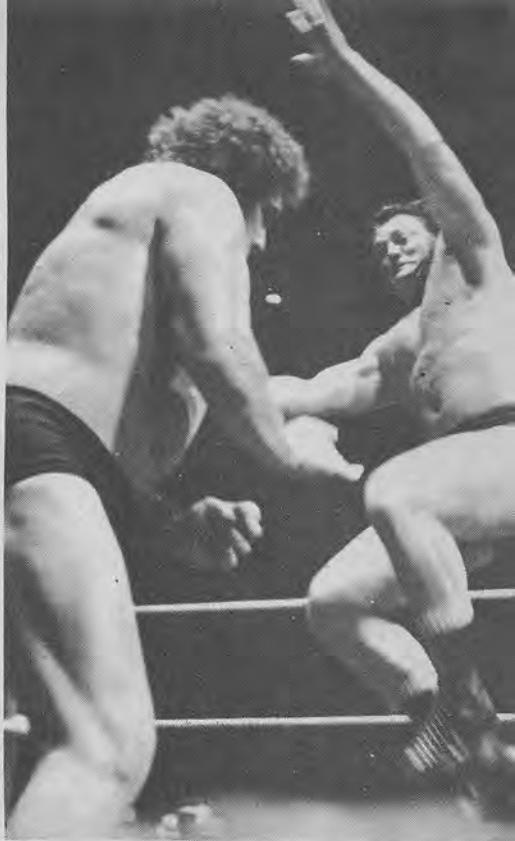
Don Leo Jonathan (below) surprises Jean Ferre with a stunning, flying dropkick that rocks the Frenchman. Right: As Jean is reeling, Don Leo goes up for another!



Muscles rippling, sweat pouring down, Jean and Don Leo hook up in the first highlight of their battle—a test of strength! Fans gasped as Jean slowly forced Don Leo backwards and won the test of strength—giving the huge Frenchman first blood and a psychological advantage. walked on to trembling. Never had the lovely French-Canadian city of Montreal seen anything like it. And probably never would Montreal see anything like it again!

It was called the "Battle of the Century," the "War of the Giants," the "Mammoth Confrontation" and other titles too numerous to men-

tion. Ever since the pairing had been announced people had been lining up for tickets. The Forum was sold out in two hours! People begged and pleaded for tickets. But none were available. Some scalpers were getting upwards of \$100 a seat! And the scalpers were cleaned out in a few hours. The lucky people who had



seats kept it a secret. You weren't safe if people knew you possessed a ticket for the match!

For weeks before the match you couldn't turn on a TV channel in Montreal—or in all of eastern Canada, for that matter—without seeing an interview with either Jonathan or Ferre. In the street, on the Metro, in bars, at the laundromat, in French and in English, the people of the city talked of nothing else. C.B.C., the Canadian Broadcasting Company, hardly had anything else on the sports news.

"I can remember only three things to equal this," said a resident of Montreal, "and they were when the Canadians won the Stanley Cup in 1971, when 'Expo '67' opened and when the Expos baseball team came to this city. And this may be bigger than any of them!"

When the time for the great event finally arrived, more than 18,000 fans filled every nook and cranny of the world-famous Forum. Another 18,000 tickets and probably three times that amount could have been sold had there been room. The gate of \$86,000 was the largest for a wrestling show in Canada's history!

And the fans, of course, argued back and forth about who would win. Would Jonathan's experience offset Ferre's youth and strength? Would either of these two clean, scientific wrestlers resort to illegal tactics to win this important match?

How would the Giant react to meeting someone almost his own size—someone he might not be able to overpower? And for that matter, how would Don Leo Jonathan react when meeting—for perhaps the first time ever—someone bigger and stronger than he?

The answers to these questions were what all those people were paying all that money to find out!

Don Leo Jonathan came into the ring first, smiling and waving to the fans who gave him an overwhelmingly warm reception. Always a big favorite, the fans didn't forget how much they liked Don Leo just because he was wrestling a hometown favorite second in popularity only to Edouard Carpentier.

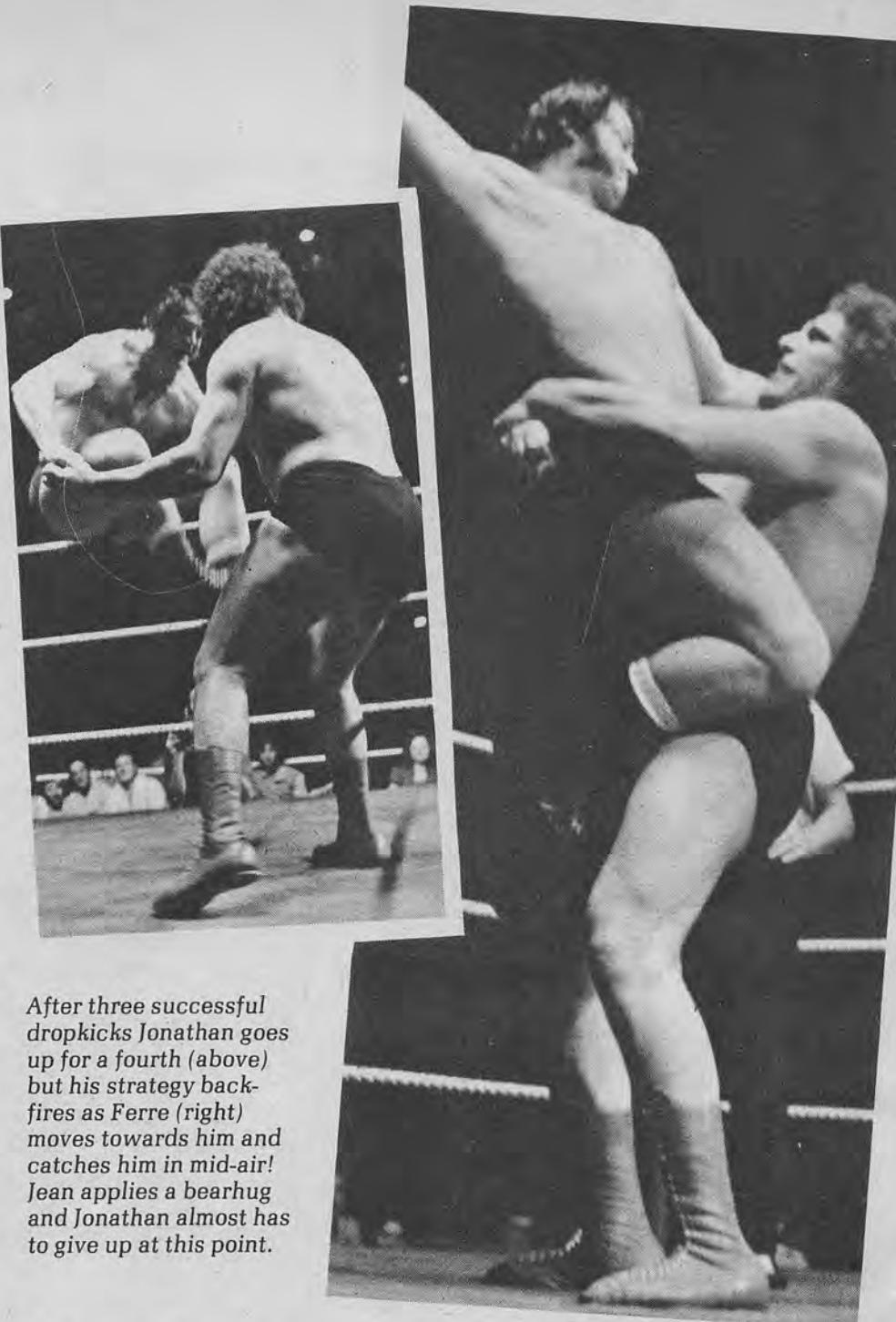
But if the reception for Jonathan was warm—the one for "the French Giant" was unbelievable. It seemed as if the fans would roar the roof off the building. Clearly, both men had enthusiastic supporters. And clearly, the noise level throughout this match would be something to make the ears ring!

Before the match, in the catacombs under the Forum in rooms which usually house hockey players, Don Leo Jonathan sat on a bench, eyes closed, trying to relax. Up above, 18,000 people watched two other wrestlers do battle. But their minds weren't on that match. Everyone was waiting for *the* match.

"This is incredible," Jonathan said as he got up and began to pace nervously back and forth. "I can't remember the last time I felt this nervous. I've been interviewed more this past week than I have in a half-dozen years. I figured it would be a good match but I never thought it'd catch on like this."

On the other side of the building, stretched out on a rubbing table, Jean Ferre was getting a rubdown. He stared into space, as if his thoughts were a thousand miles away, which they probably were.

"He's never been like this before," said Edouard Carpentier, the giant's closest friend and the man who discovered him. "Usually he jokes or kids around before a match to try to relieve the tension and stop thinking about it. Most wrestlers do. You try to take your mind off what's coming up. But there's no use in his kidding



After three successful dropkicks Jonathan goes up for a fourth (above) but his strategy backfires as Ferre (right) moves towards him and catches him in mid-air! Jean applies a bearhug and Jonathan almost has to give up at this point.

himself. There's nothing he could do to take his mind off this. You know very well he's thinking about nothing else.

"It's been like that for two weeks. Radio, television, newspaper and magazine writers. They've been all over the place. And it hasn't just been this way with Jean. Jonathan's been going through the same thing. I can think of only two events in sports that had people as worked up *before* the actual event as this. One was the very first Super Bowl between the two rival leagues. The other was the fight between Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier. This is

getting the same kind of reaction."

As the two giants stood in their respective corners eying each other as a man would eye a thoroughbred at a horse auction, a buzz of anticipation rippled through the crowd. The moment they'd been waiting for—the moment all Quebec had been talking about—was now at hand. Without smiles the adversaries shook hands and went to their corners.

Like two wary beasts circling around the same piece of beef, Jean Ferre and Don Leo Jonathan circled each other, arms outstretched, waiting for an opening. The beginning, at



Ferre is staggered (above) after running into Don Leo Jonathan's knee when he whipped the French giant into the ropes. Below: Arm draped over the middle rope and in obvious pain, Ferre is an open target as Jonathan stands poised over him like a matador ready to drive a sword into a bull's neck. From here on the match became a war!



least, would be dictated by caution.

After about a minute of this their arms shot forward over their heads and they grabbed each other's wrists. A test of strength. Right off the bat they'd settle one question the fans wanted answered. And whoever won this would gain an important psychological advantage!

More than 36,000 eyes were riveted on two pairs of arms locked together in the center of the ring. The strain of the test became apparent on the faces of the combatants. Neither had ever run up against an opponent as strong. But slowly...and perhaps inevitably, Jean Ferre forced Jonathan's arms backwards. Summoning reserve strength he never had

to use before, the French giant gave one muscle-straining pull and brought Don Leo's arms down behind his neck! The test of strength was over. Ferre had won and scored the first psychological point of the match!

Going for a quick finish, Ferre released the armhold and tried to turn it into a full nelson. But Jonathan's reflexes were too quick and he spun out of it.

The giant moved towards him but was met with an unexpected move. A flying dropkick stunned the Frenchman and rocked him back on his heels. Ferre might have the advantage on the ground, but Jonathan would also attack in the air!

A series of three dropkicks finally got Ferre off his feet. But Jean has astounding reflexes for a man his size and as Jonathan came ricochetting off the ropes for a fourth dropkick—Jean had already sprung up and moved in before his adversary could launch himself into the air. As a result, he bounced off into a bearhug—the one hold with which Ferre could end the match right there!

Don Leo Jonathan's face contorted with pain. The crowd—screaming—rose to its feet.

"Do you give in?" asked the referee.

Jonathan shook his head from side to side. Despite the excruciating pain, he'd find a way out of this. Somehow.

When in a bearhug, most wrestlers try to either push their way out or slide down. This only increases the pressure of the hold even though it's an almost automatic reaction. Jonathan didn't fall into the trap. Placing his hands on Ferre's powerful shoulders, he pulled himself up so that Jean's arms were no longer encircling his ribs. They were around his waist now. And although he was still trapped in the hold the terrible pressure against his ribs was no longer there.

From this vantage point there is only one way out of a situation like that. Don Leo propped his knees up against the giant's waist and—looking down at him now—began to slug him with forearm smashes. One by one they smashed into Ferre's unprotected face. But the powerful giant doggedly kept Jonathan in his vise-like grip. Finally, after what seemed like two dozen smashes, the Frenchman was forced to drop his opponent. And Jonathan then fell to the canvas like a bag of wet cement!

Ferre, although he'd lost the hold, still retained the advantage. Jonathan was gasping for breath and aching. And before he could get up, Jean was on him like a cat leaping on a mouse.

"*L'estomac!*" yelled Edouard Carpentier in French. He wanted Ferre to continue to work on Jonathan's battered mid-section. But with the crowd's roar obliterating every other sound in the Forum, Ferre never heard him. Instead, he went for a



The match was clean-fought up until the time Jonathan slammed his knee into Jean. Left: Jean Ferre holds Jonathan in a hammerlock, giving both men a breather. Below: Ferre tries to put Don's lights out with this sleeper hold. However, Jonathan was able to break out of it.



chinlock which he turned into a facelock.

"That's his inexperience," Carpentier turned and said. "That's where inexperience hurts you. He should have kept attacking Jonathan at his weakest point. Now, while he's hanging onto that chinlock, Jonathan's resting on the mat getting his strength back. It is a lost opportunity."

With Ferre determinedly hanging on to the facelock, Don Leo Jonathan forced himself upward until both wrestlers were standing. Then, dipping his shoulder, he grabbed Ferre's upper arm and flipped the 385-pound giant over his back and slammed him to the mat!

"*Mon Dieu!*" gasped Carpentier. "Never have I seen anyone do that to Jean before."

Rushing to press his temporary advantage, Jonathan grabbed onto Jean's leg and applied a stepover toehold. Ferre looked like a turtle flipped over on his shell. His massive strength would be no help now.

"That Jonathan," Carpentier noted, "he is very smart. That's the best thing he could have done. If he keeps Jean down like that for a while he can regain all his strength. Also, he is attacking Jean at his weakest point. His legs. Like I said before. Experience. It means everything."

And Jonathan did exactly what Carpentier figured. He kept Ferre in the stepover toehold for a full four minutes. And although he'd been panting hard when he first clamped on the hold, he was breathing easily by the time Jean kicked his way out.

Any early advantage the Frenchman had earned was now cancelled. If anything, Jonathan had the edge. The giant seemed to be limping slightly.

The two titans battled like Hercules and Samson. The ancient Roman gladiators who fought for their lives in the pit never put on a more ferocious display.

Then, at about the 12-minute mark, the tempo of the match changed. Up until that time it had been strictly a clean bout. Don Leo Jonathan was the first to change that.

He whipped Ferre into the ropes, a strange tactic at best, since he'd obviously have no success body-blocking him. But when Jean bounced off, Jonathan had his knee ready and waiting for a trip into the giant's midsection.

"Oof!"

You could hear Ferre gasping for breath even if you were sitting in the balcony. Jonathan picked him up by his hair and rammed him into the steel ringpost. Blood began to trickle down the giant's forehead. A few forearm smashes and Ferre was on the canvas, his left arm draped over the ropes. Jonathan moved in, and like a matador about to drive his sword into the neck of the bull, he stood poised over Ferre, his right arm high in the air.

The referee tried to hold him back. It did no good. Down came the arm with a resounding smash. Jean Ferre was almost unconscious.

As the referee cautioned Jonathan about using a closed fist instead of a forearm (although most people thought it was a legal forearm smash he used), Ferre got to his hands and knees and then to his feet. A strange



The anger on Jean's face is apparent (right) as he tries to choke Don Leo Jonathan to death along the ropes. The referee can't pull the giant off and has to ask for help. Below: Every wrestler on the card tries to hold Ferre back as he still tries to get Jonathan although the bout is over. Jonathan was barely able to breathe when the other grapplers rescued him!



sort of look came into his eyes. Jean Ferre was tasting blood. His own blood. And that evidently set something off in his mind that triggered his temper.

Ferre ran across the ring like a wounded water buffalo. Jonathan, who saw him too late, couldn't get out of the way. With a lunge, Ferre

wrapped his huge fingers around Don Leo Jonathan's throat and squeezed for all he was worth.

Jonathan was bent backwards across the ropes. The referee tried to pull the berserk giant off but it was like trying to move an elephant with a twig.

He began counting. But Ferre ei-

Jean Ferre goes berserk after being repeatedly punched by Jonathan, and backs him into the ropes while holding his fingers around Don Leo's neck!

ther never heard the count or didn't care. Jonathan's eyes bulged out of their sockets as Jean—who looked like a madman—tightened his grip even harder!

The referee signalled the time-keeper to ring the bell. He rang it. And rang it again. Still Ferre refused to let up.

It wasn't until all the wrestlers who'd been on the card that night—heroes and villains alike—ran from the dressing room to pull Ferre off, that Jonathan was free. His face was blue. He was barely breathing.

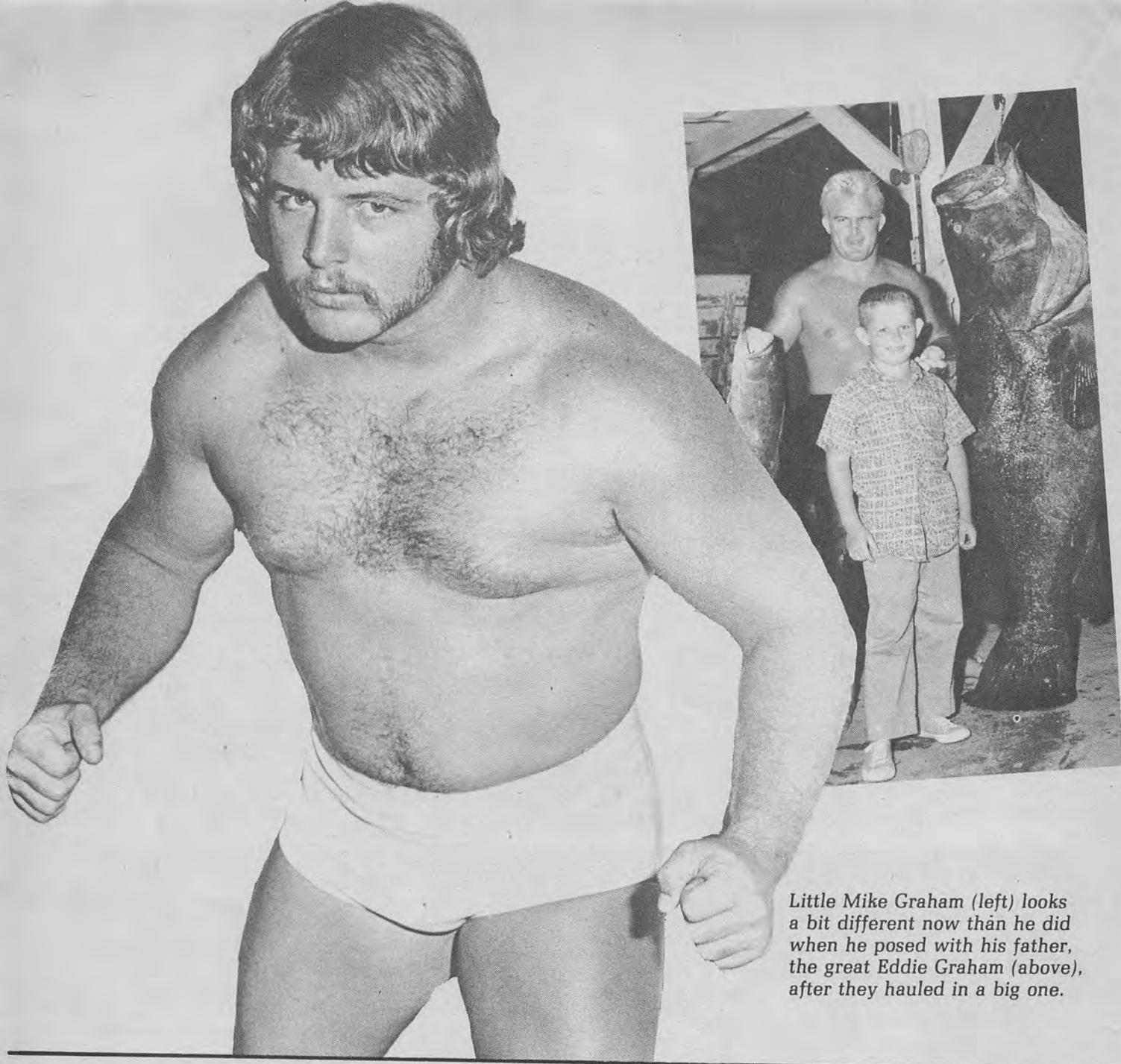
Ferre continued his struggle, trying to battle his way past a dozen wrestlers in order to get at Jonathan! The audience was stunned. Never had they seen the popular French giant react like this before. They were also seeing something else they never saw before. Side by side, Mad Dog Vachon and Edouard Carpentier—the bitterest of enemies—struggled together to hold the giant back!

"I don't know what happened," Don Leo Jonathan said after the riotous ending subsided. "I never saw a man go berserk like that before. All I could think of as he held me across those ropes was 'I'm gonna die—I'm gonna die.' I think he would have killed me had the other wrestlers not pulled him off. I can't understand it. He wrestled clean throughout the whole match. He's a gentleman. I wanted to win but I never thought I'd win like that—on a disqualification!"

Ferre was unavailable for comment. Someone said he'd spotted the big giant crying in front of his locker when someone opened the locker room door. Even Carpentier was at a loss to explain what had happened.

So ended the most anticipated wrestling match in Montreal's history. Many of the questions posed by the coming together of these two giants remain unanswered. But the biggest question of all is one that now has all of Montreal speculating.

What happened to Jean Ferre? And will he ever be the same? □



Little Mike Graham (left) looks a bit different now than he did when he posed with his father, the great Eddie Graham (above), after they hauled in a big one.

LITTLE MIKE GRA

When little Mike Graham was asked what he wanted to be when he grew up he invariably answered "I want to be just like my Daddy." And now that little Mike is grown up he answers the question in much the same way. Because little Mike has a very special father.

THE CAR PULLED into the driveway in front of the pretty ranch-style house. The man behind the wheel tooted the horn twice. Like a shot, a skinny, blond, six-year-old came tearing out of the door screaming "Daddy's home!... Daddy's home!" at the top of his lungs.

The man behind the wheel stepped out, scooped the happy little boy into his arms, lifted him high in the air and hugged him. After



Eddie Graham, his wife and little Mike prepare for a fishing trip (above) during one of the times he wasn't on the road. Right: Mike is a study in concentration as he gets to handle the wheel. Mike's favorite time was when Eddie took him fishing.



HAM GROWS UP

three weeks on the road, Daddy—better known as Eddie Graham—was home.

Although he had just driven 17 hours—one hour later Eddie Graham, his wife, and little Eddie were busy piling on to the family boat.

Grinning broadly, Eddie leaned back as he watched his son take his place behind the wheel. "This," he said proudly, "is what it's all about. Whenever I'm driving out on the road from town to town...when-

ever I'm packing or unpacking a suitcase...whenever I have to spend another night in a lonely motel room...this is what keeps me going."

Eddie and his son have always been very close. Perhaps it is because they were often separated by Eddie's road trips. It made the time they had together all that more important...all that more precious.

Mike Graham always knew his father was an important man. In Florida it means something to be

able to say you're Eddie Graham's son. It also means you have a responsibility. Being the son of a man like Eddie Graham—a man who has spent almost as much time working for charitable causes as he has wrestling—means everybody's watching you.

Little Mike accepted all those responsibilities and handled them well. And recently, when Eddie fulfilled a lifelong dream by seeing his son in his first professional wrestling

match, it was as if all of Tampa shared that pride.

Shortly after Mike made his debut in Florida, Eddie brought him north—to New York—to wrestle in Madison Square Garden. And before Mike's match against Juan Caruso, Eddie explained why.

"Madison Square Garden is the sports mecca of the world," Eddie said, "and competition is very keen around this area. The Grahams have always tried to meet the best competition there is and I thought it would be good for Mike to get a taste of what it's like wrestling in front of 20,000 people. Besides, it's a milestone to be wrestling in Madison Square Garden...a great thing for any wrestler's career."

Mike Graham was visibly excited to be in the Garden. Some of the other wrestlers dropped by to welcome him—and to tease him about the days when Eddie and Jerry Graham were the most hated duo in New York.

"Hey, Mike," one grappler yelled over. "You gonna wrestle like your Daddy did in the old days?"

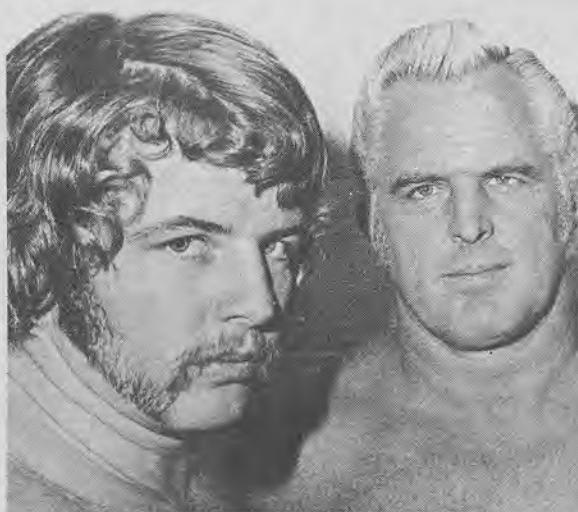
"When Dad wrestled that 'other' style I was pretty young," Mike recalled. "I don't even remember it very well. But I guess he felt he was doing what he had to do at the time and I guess if I had been in his shoes I'd have done the same thing he did."

Although Eddie'd always hoped Mike would follow in his footsteps and become a wrestler, it wasn't until recently that Mike became sure wrestling is what he really wants. A natural athlete, he was involved in so many sports he wasn't sure he wanted to devote as much time as is necessary in order to become a pro grappler.

"I drive drag racing cars, I skin dive, hunt, fish and do all kinds of things like that," Mike continued, "but I found out wrestling is what I enjoy most. I like the individual body contact. On a football team you've got all the guys behind you. You miss a block or something and somebody else can get it for you. In wrestling you're out there by yourself. If you get beat you get beat by yourself. If you win you win on your own."

One problem Mike hasn't fully solved yet is that of teaming with his father. He enjoys it, but he still tends to worry about his pop when Eddie's in trouble.

"It's kinda rough when I'm watch-



Mike Graham (above) applies a leglock to Juan Caruso in his Madison Square Garden debut. Below: Naturally, a very proud father was on hand to see his son's Garden debut. "This was one of my biggest thrills in sports," Eddie said.

ing him in the ring and somebody's hurting him," Mike stated. "You kinda want to jump in and help him out. But he's a professional and I'd hate to be the cause of our getting disqualified. That's just something I've got to learn. I learn something every time I wrestle alongside him. Heck, you can't have a better teacher."

If Mike worries about Eddie's getting hurt it figures the reverse would be true. Many times, for example, Dory Funk Sr. will go in to help Dory Jr. or Terry if they're in trouble. But Eddie Graham doesn't see it that way.

"My kid may be a little bit better wrestler or maybe a little tougher than Funk's kid," Eddie told us, "and I'm not trying to be funny or anything when I say that. Dory Jr. is a fine wrestler and he's the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world.

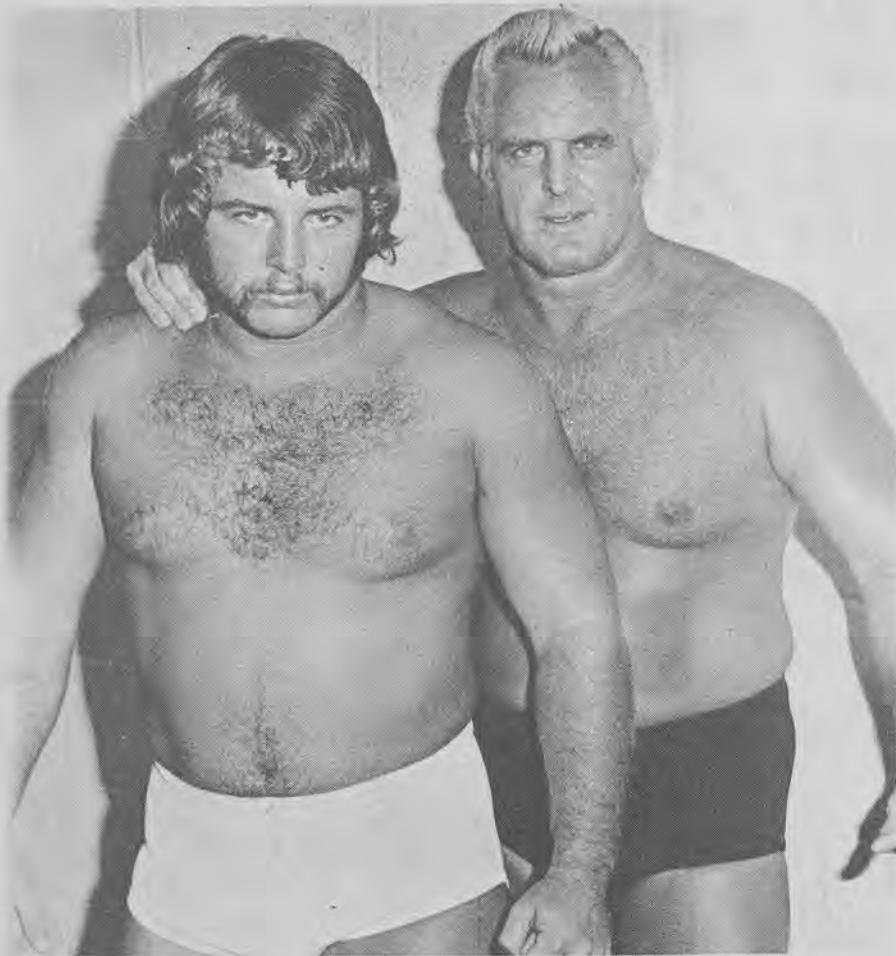
But, up to now, Mike has been able to take care of himself to such an extent it hasn't been necessary for me to go in there and help him out like Dory Sr. does with his kids. If he were being abused bad enough or in serious danger I would certainly go in there, rules or no rules. But so far that hasn't happened. He's been quite capable of taking care of himself. Maybe the Funk boys were not."

One reason Eddie is so confident in Mike is because of the training the youngster has received. Mike has been wrestling for almost as long as he's been walking.

"Mike's been wrestling in organized, active competition since he's nine years old," explained Eddie, filling us in on his son's background. "He was five times State A.A.U. wrestling champion in Florida in every weight class from the time he



Mike works on Caruso's leg (left) prior to applying the Figure-4-Leglock to end the match. That's the hold Eddie taught to both Buddy Rogers and Jack Brisco.



Eddie poses with Mike before Mike's match. He sure looks like a proud dad!

was 92 pounds at nine years old up to 185 pounds at 16 years old. One thing that may have given such an edge is that he's had a chance to work out with just about every top wrestler in the nation from the time he was small. He's worked out with

Lou Thesz, with Danny Hodge and, more recently, he's been training with Jack Brisco. All through the years he's had chances against the best. And every one of them showed him a little something.

"In addition to all that, he got interested in weight training a couple of years ago and almost instantly won a state championship in the 198-pound class. Right now he holds the state record for the bench press. The

record is 400 pounds at 198 pounds of body weight. Since then his body weight has gone up and he's done 440 on the bench, which is quite a feat for a 20-year-old. He does squats with 600 pounds and he's a tremendously powerful youngster. As I said before, he holds all these records—five times state champion and also the state champion powerlifter."

Eddie obviously could have gone on all night. There's no doubt that he's a proud father. But it was time for Mike's match against Juan Caruso. And despite his confident words of a few minutes before, Eddie did look just a bit nervous.

Mike received a warm welcome from the Garden crowd. He made a few mistakes at the beginning, which everybody credited to the famous "Garden jitters," but once he forgot where he was he settled down to show a smoothness unusual in a wrestler so young.

For a few minutes, the youngster took a beating from the more experienced Caruso. But he straightened Juan out with a series of snap mares and dropkicks. Then, much to the delight of the fans, he clamped on the famous Figure-4-Leglock, the very hold his father taught to the great Buddy Rogers and to Jack Brisco.

Interestingly enough, Caruso didn't give up immediately, as is usually the case with the painful hold. Mike, still learning, hadn't applied it perfectly. But it was good enough to eventually get a concession from his opponent.

As Mike returned to the corridor outside the dressing room his father was waiting for him. Eddie wore a smile that stretched from 7th Avenue to 8th Avenue.

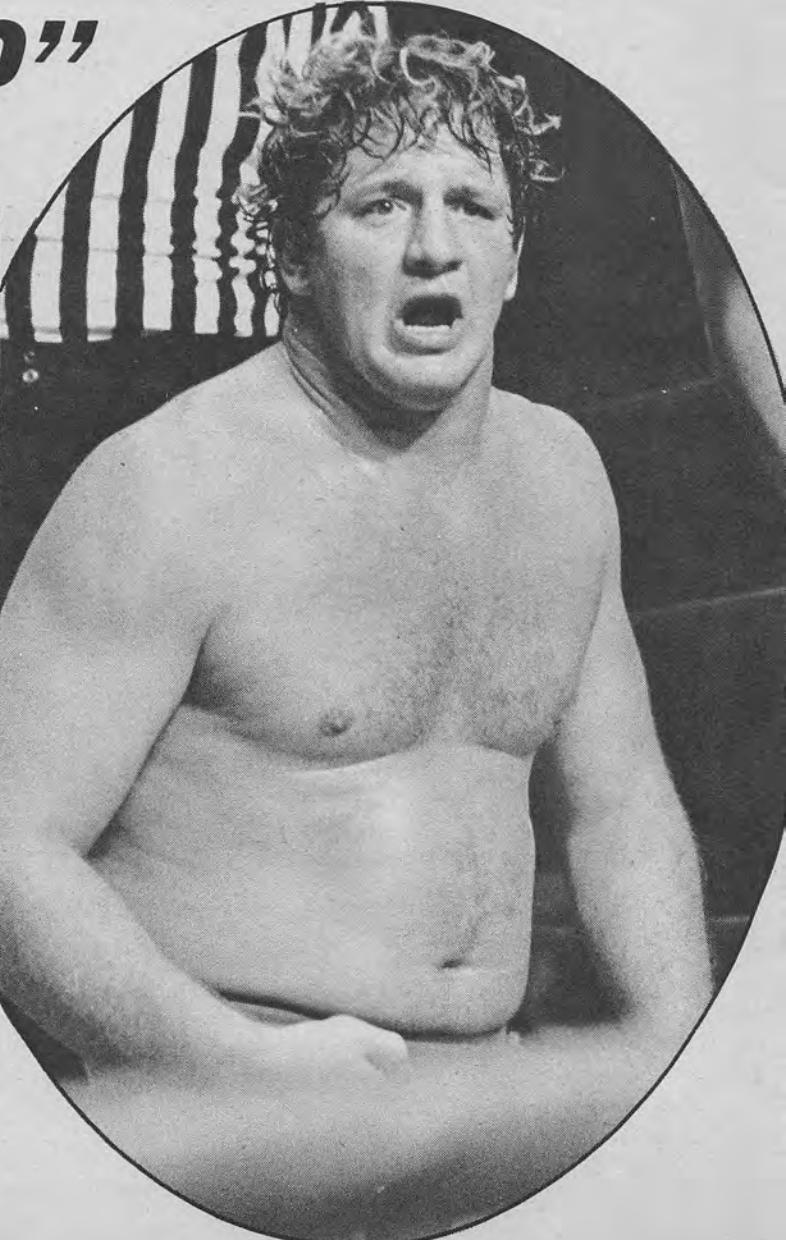
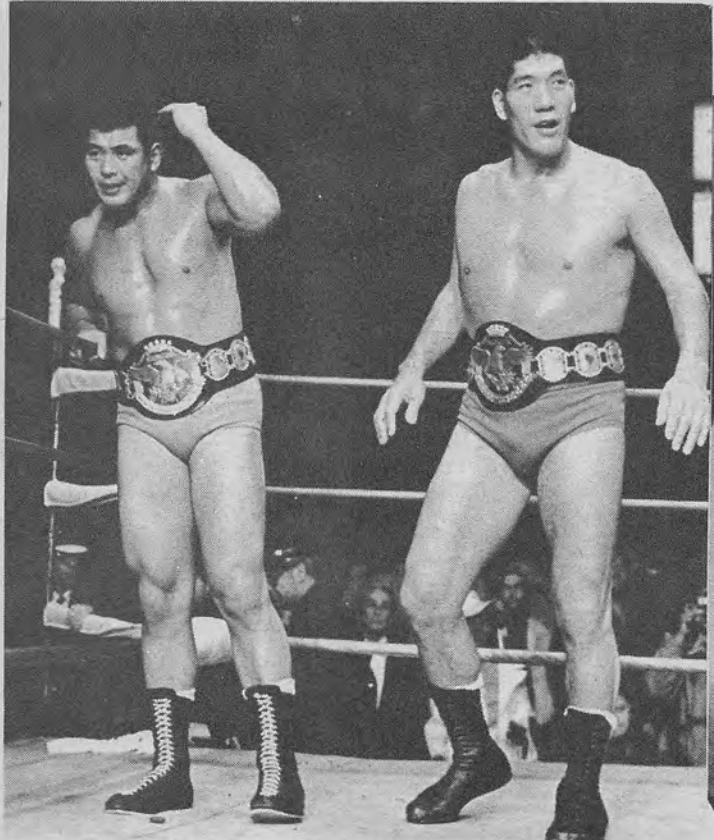
"How'd ya like that?" Eddie boasted. "A Figure-4-Leglock. I didn't even know he had that hold down pat enough to use it...and in the Garden of all places! What a kid! He's just like his old man!"

With that, the elder Graham put his arm around his son's shoulders and walked with him to the dressing room. And as they did, we remembered another scene from a time that doesn't seem all that long ago, when Eddie Graham walked with his arm around the shoulders of a little boy.

Little Mike had done just what both he and his father had hoped. He'd grown up... "just like his old man." □

**"WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOU PEOPLE?"**

**HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN
WHO WE FOUGHT IN
THE WAR?"**



Baba the Giant and Sakaguchi (above) acknowledge the cheers of the crowd after they put on the International Tag Team Championship belts. Meanwhile, Terry Funk roars his displeasure at the crowd (right) which had loudly supported the Japanese duo throughout the match.

Dory Funk Jr. and his kid brother Terry are no longer the International Tag Team Champions. But what riled Terry even more than losing the title was the way southern California fans treated him and his brother. And when the match was over, he let the fans know what was on his mind.

By Jeff Walton

TERRY FUNK BROODED as the cab speeding he and his brother Dory Jr. from the Los Angeles International Airport to a hotel near the Olympic Auditorium rolled along the freeway. As Dory and the cabdriver carried on a conversation, Terry sat in a corner of the back seat all hunched over. He didn't say a word. It was obvious, as Dory said later, that Terry had something on his mind. "And when he gets into a mood like that," Dory added, "there's no use pressuring him. It's best you leave him alone."

The Funks were in Los Angeles to defend their International Tag Team Championship they'd won while on a tour of Japan during December of 1971. A great honor was accorded the Funks that day in Tokyo as 26,000 fans—the largest wrestling crowd in that city's history—turned out to see their epic battle against Baba the Giant and Seiji Sakaguchi. And the

large crowd was stunned as Dory and Terry took the crown from the Japanese stars on their own home grounds!

Because of Dory's heavy schedule defending his N.W.A. world championship, he and his brother had been able to defend the International tag team title only once against the former champs. That was in Amarillo, Texas, and Dory and Terry made their defense a successful one. But it had been three months since that defense and according to the rules governing the international cham-

pionship it must be defended at least once every four months or else the holders lose the belt.

Promoter Mike Lebell knew there would have to be an international title defense made, so the man who has signed so many historical matches again outdid himself. Not only did he land the match for the Olympic Auditorium—he set up satellite communications so the international event could be beamed back live to Japan!

But Lebell's coup was the last thing on Terry Funk's mind. Even in the dressing room before the match Terry's bad mood hadn't changed.

"What's buggin' you?" Dory finally asked. "You've been in a rotten mood ever since we got on the plane."

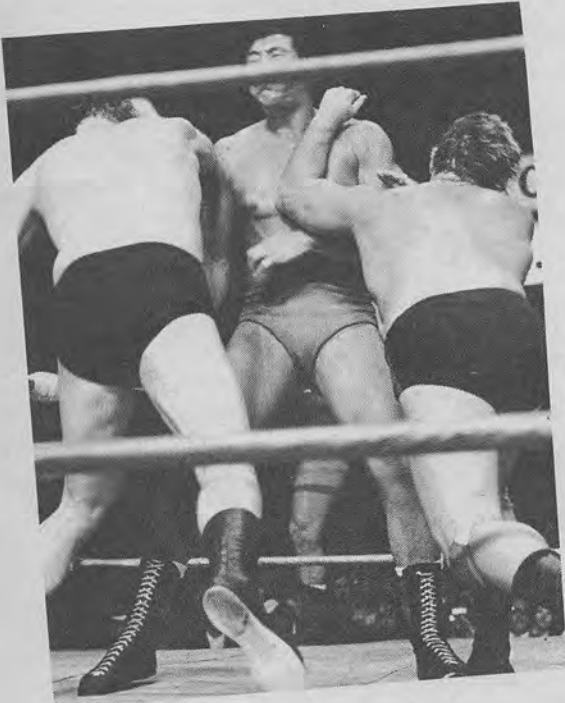
Terry admitted he wanted no part of this match. He always had second thoughts about wrestling Japanese stars—ever since he was told the story about an uncle who'd been killed in a bombing run over the Land



Sakaguchi (left) clamps Dory in an Abdominal Stretch, but after two minutes he got out. However, it weakened him enough so that Baba could pin him for the final fall (above). Right: The referee raises the arms of the new champs.



Dory and Terry double team Sakaguchi with forearm blows (below), weakening him enough to apply a double reverse body slam (right). Terry then added a few body slams and applied "The Rack" to Sakaguchi to take the opening fall of the match.



of the Rising Sun.

Dory'd all but forgotten that chapter of Funk family history. "Terry," he said in exasperation, "the war's been over for more than a quarter of a century!"

But Terry had formed a very close attachment for the uncle he never knew. Many's the night Dory Sr. told him stories about the famed flying ace. And Terry thought about him often.

To make matters worse, Baba and Sakaguchi are both very big favorites in Los Angeles, and for one of the few times in their lives Terry and Dory Jr. heard boos cascading all around them as they made their way to the ring. And when the 11,225 fans lustily cheered the entry of Baba and Sakaguchi, rage spread across Terry's face. Dory, stunned and shocked, merely bowed his head and looked at the ground. Terry's temper was on a short fuse.

At the start of the match Dory shook hands with both Baba and Sakaguchi. But when the Japanese wres-

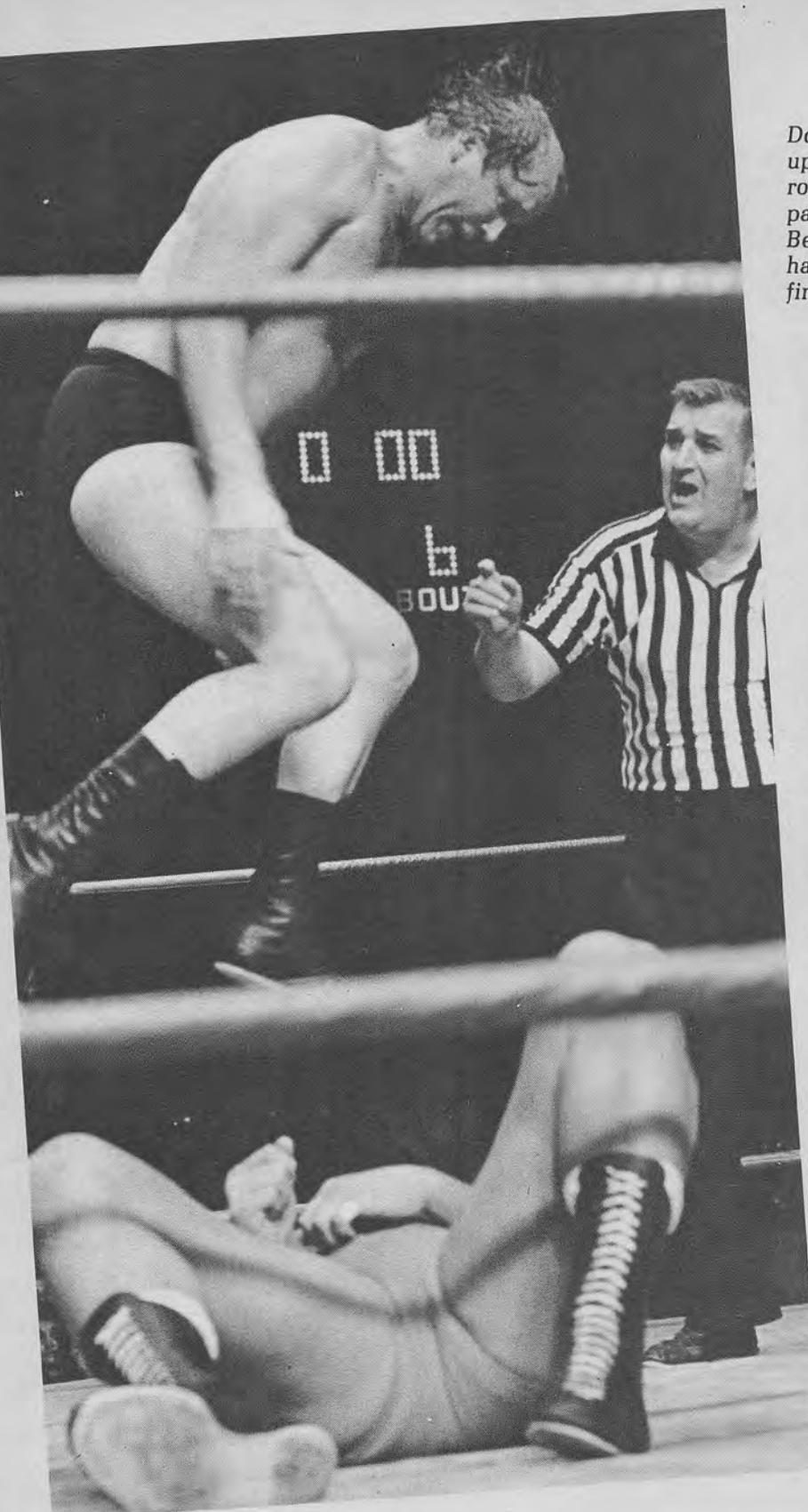
tlers extended their hands to Terry he turned around and yelled, "Why should I shake their hands!?"

Promoter Mike Lebell stepped through the ropes and, taking the microphone from ring announcer Jimmy Lennon, welcomed all the fans



watching via satellite and said, "May the better team win."

As Lebell took the belts Terry's burning stare never left him. It was obvious the Japanese stars would get to wear them only over his dead body.

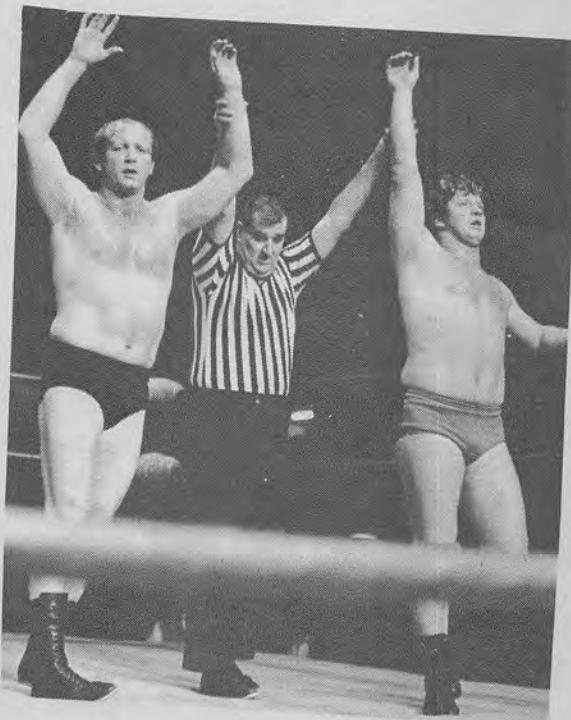


As timekeeper Jack Smith rang the bell Terry and Sakaguchi sprang from their corners. Terry levelled Sakaguchi with a vicious forearm smash and stomped his head three times before the referee pulled him off. Wrestling like a man possessed by demons,

Terry never let up. Worried about a disqualification, Dory grabbed Terry in the corner at one point and told him to take it easy.

But Terry wasn't listening. And 25 minutes into the match Sakaguchi missed a judo chop and was body-

Dory Jr. (left) softens Sakaguchi up with this leap from the corner ropes shortly after the Japanese pair had used the same maneuver. Below: The triumphant brothers have their arms raised after the first fall victory over Sakaguchi.



slammed by Terry. Picking up the 6-5 giant, Terry slammed him down across his knee and with the look of a wild animal applied the deadly "rack."

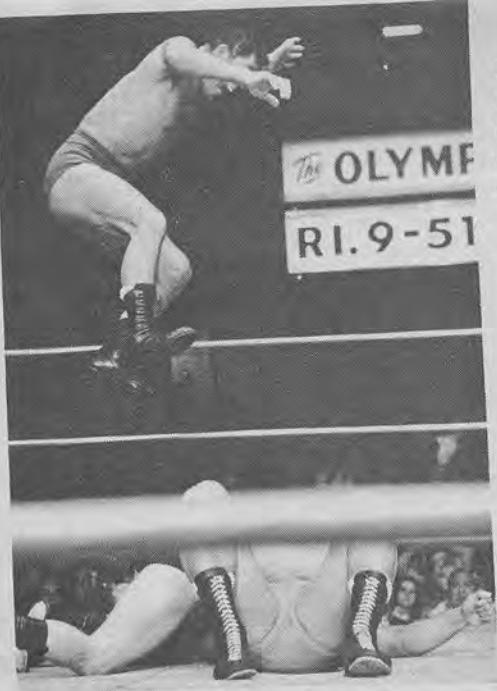
As hard as he struggled to escape — there was no escape for Sakaguchi. He was helpless and Terry increased the pressure. It seemed as if Terry was taking his uncle's death out on Sakaguchi.

Sakaguchi finally gave up and the referee ordered Terry to break the hold. Terry refused. Again he was asked to break the hold. Again he paid no attention.

"Break that hold or I'm giving them the fall!" threatened the referee.

After the third warning Funk broke his grip and Sakaguchi fell to the mat in a heap. Shohei Baba ran over and helped his partner back to the corner. Meanwhile, boos cascaded throughout the arena. And the boos were directed at the Funks!

Dory and Baba opened the second fall but when it was decided it was decided by Terry and Sakaguchi. Sa-



Big Baba (left) comes zooming off the top rope to deliver a knee to the back of Dory Funk Jr. who was pinning Sakaguchi. Had Baba not done this, preventing the pin, the Funks would have won in two straight falls. Below: Promoter Mike Lebell awards the two championship belts to the victors as their countrymen watch on TV.

kaguchi worked on Terry's padded knee and finally, after a series of half-Boston Crabs, he pinned the Texan at the 13-minute mark of the second fall.

Like a little boy, Terry held his breath and got red in the face. He slammed his fist to the mat. Dory grabbed him and tried to talk to him. But the younger brother pulled away as if he didn't even want to talk to his own brother!

Terry boiled on the sidelines as Dory began the third fall against Baba—the seven-foot-tall judo expert. It was a match within a match. Baba's the International singles champion and he was going against the world champion. But it was the tag team title that was up for grabs this time.

Baba tossed Dory around like a rag doll. The smaller man could not cope with the strength of the powerful Japanese great. But Dory has met strong men before. And using a quick straddle sneak he took Baba off his feet. The Japanese giant hit the canvas with a thud and Funk applied a "chicken wing." In the corner Terry begged Dory for a tag. He wanted to get back in and stay there—as if they were wrestling to a finish!

Again Baba relied on his almost super-human strength to pull Dory off his back. The two then exchanged blows and it was obvious Baba's karate chops were taking more out of Dory than Dory's forearm smashes were taking out of the giant. Again Terry screamed for his brother to tag him but Baba was in control now and he kept himself positioned between Dory and Terry so that no tag was



possible.

Three karate chops slammed into Dory's throat. The champion went down gasping for breath. Then Baba climbed to the top rope and leaped onto Dory—his knee crashing into Funk's throat. Baba quickly spun around and applied a body press. Referee Gerry Murdock dove in to count.

"One . . . two . . . three!" It was over. The Olympic fans went wild as the belts were handed over to the Japanese.

Terry ran into the ring to help his fallen brother. Tears welled up in his eyes. He ran over to Murdock and complained of a fast count. The

fans booed. Terry even tried to grab the belts from the Japanese duo but he was blocked by Murdock.

The fans booed louder and Terry turned his anger on them.

"What's the matter with you people!" he screamed. "Have you forgotten who we fought in the war?!!!"

Dory put his arm around his brother and walked him back to the dressing room. Sitting down on a bench, Terry shook his head from side to side as tears rolled down his cheeks. "I don't understand it," he said softly, "I just don't understand it. What kind of people do they have out here?"

It was Terry's biggest defeat. □

THE BEAST AND THE BUTCHER—



The Beast (above) and The Butcher (left) are so dangerous they've even been banned in Texas—where usually just about anything goes. Below: The Beast gives Ricky Romero a sample of his handiwork.

WHAT ARE THEY?

THE BEAST AND the Butcher. Just seeing their names on the program sends chills down the spines of wrestling fans from Texas to Montreal.

They are officially banned in five states. And the only reason they haven't been banned in more states than that is because they haven't wrestled in too many more states than that.

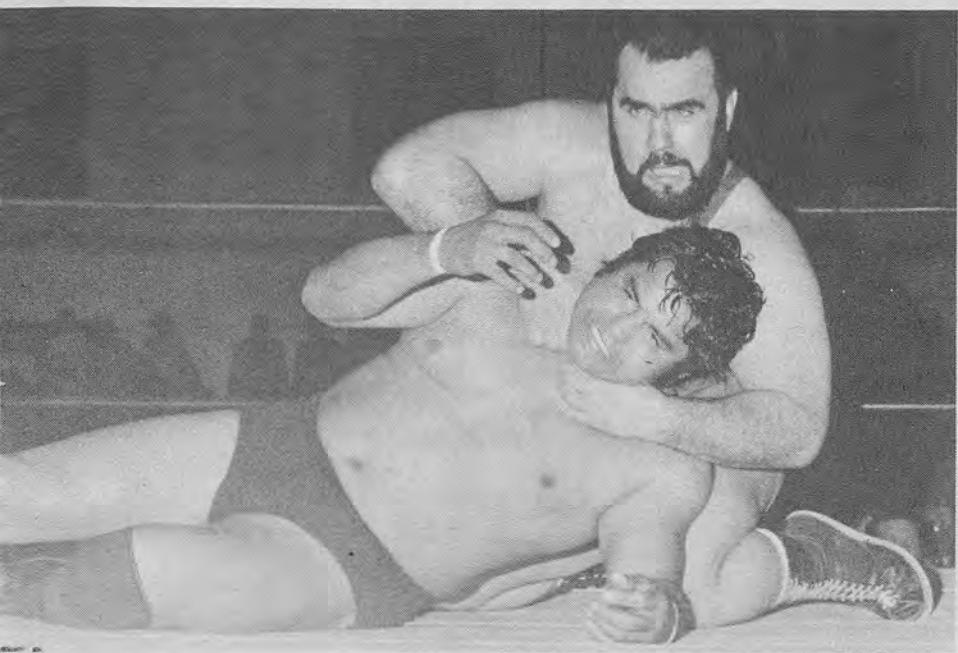
Who are the Beast and the Butcher? Nobody really knows.

Some people insist they are escaped mental patients. Some people tell you they've heard Beast and Butcher are homicidal maniacs. There are as many stories as there are fans. And one reason is because Beast and Butcher spread those stories themselves.

"Of course we're the ones who told everyone we're escaped mental patients," said the Beast. "That puts fear into our opponents. They never know what we're liable to do next. And you know what? Neither do we! Are we really escaped mental patients? Ha! That's for you to find out!"

According to inside sources, Beast and Butcher, who were recently run out of Texas for "excessive violence," are a pair of Canadians who met in the Air Force. The Butcher was born in the northwest woods where he

(Continued on page 60)



They call themselves "The Beast" and "The Butcher." But opponents say they should be called "The Cannibals." They were run out of Texas and took refuge in their native Canada. Now that country's trying to get rid of them too!

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Lawrence, MA 01841
Likes to sketch, sew. Pedro Morales her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

MIKE BRADFORD (13)
Route 4
Scottsboro, AL
Likes fishing. Likes good guys. Foreign people for pen pals.

JIMMY GUZMAN (14)
125 Vermilyer Ave. & 207 St.
New York City, NY 10034
Likes bike riding. Victor Rivera is his favorite. Likes good guys. Victor Rivera fans for pen pals.



TOM CORONA (10)
311 Loucks Street
Oneida, NY 13431
Likes to collect sport souvenirs. Verne Gagne his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.

ELAINE BROWN (25)
Route 3
Wartrace, TN 37183
Likes to bowl, fish. Jackie Fargo her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

NICHOLAS WELCH (10)
33 Bywood
Toronto, Canada
Likes comic books. Favorite is The Sheik. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.



JOE PRATT (12)
Route 4 - Box 299
Hurffville, NJ 08080
Likes racing motor bikes. Bruno Sammartino his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.

BUD SCHLOSS (15)
Box 35
Port Jefferson, OH 45360
Likes football, track. Mil Mascaras his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for pen pals.

ROBERT JACKSON (13)
2430 Valencia Drive
Sarasota, FL 33579
Likes wrestling books. Tim Woods is his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.

PALS



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JEFFREY SUPER



MARY A. GREENE (18)
Route 1
Moultrie, GA 31768
Likes typing, travel, music.
Jack Brisco her favorite.
Likes good guys. Anyone for
PPs.



WILLIAM GIBSON (15)
3009 Player Avenue
Fayetteville, NC 28304
Likes boxing, basketball.
Favorite is George Becker.
Likes good and bad guys.
Girls for PPs.



BRUCE CATTERALL (16)
373 Dawson Street
New Bedford, MA 02745
Likes all sports. Favorite is
Sonny King. Likes good
guys. Anyone for pen pals.



BILL TARPY (20)
1221 Conn
Lawrence, KS 66044
Likes racing cars. The
Stomper his favorite. Likes
good and bad guys. Anyone
for pen pals.



JON KARESH (11)
582 Arballa Drive
San Francisco, CA 94132
Likes photography. Rocky
Johnson his favorite. Likes
good guys. Boys for pen
pals.



DESHAY EBERT
2923 Chisum St.
Odessa, TX 79760
Likes skating. Lord Al Hays
her favorite. Likes bad and
good guys. Anyone for pen
pals.



JAMES ROBINSON (21)
Lot #1 — Horners Tr. Ct.
Fostoria, OH 44830
Likes drag racing. Stomper
and Bobo are his favorites.
Likes good guys. Girls for
PPs.



SHEILA COMER (13)
1908 W. 59th Street
Chicago, IL 60636
Enjoys swimming. Billy
Robinson her favorite. Likes
good and bad guys. Anyone
for pen pals.



ELBERTO DELEON JR. (12)
5037 Knox Ct.
El Paso, TX 79904
Likes roping, swimming.
Terry Funk his favorite.
Likes good and bad guys.
Anyone for pen pals.



KEITH JACKSON (21)
807 Dufferin Ave.
London, Ontario 31
Weight lifts, plays drums.
Favorite is Don Leo Johna-
than. Likes good guys. Girls
for pen pals.



GOLDIE FAY FRAZIER (19)
Route 2
Bell Buckle, TN 37020
Likes dancing, bowling.
Johnny Walker her favorite.
Likes good guys. Anyone
for pen pals.



STEVEN SNYDER (20)
416 Armstrong Street
Halifax, PA 17032
Likes auto racing. Chief
Strongbow his favorite.
Likes good guys. Girls for
PPs.



TED STRATAKOS (15)
19 Canterbury Lane
Newburgh, NY 12550
Likes weights, basketball.
Mil Mascaras his favorite.
Likes good and bad guys.
Anyone for PPs.

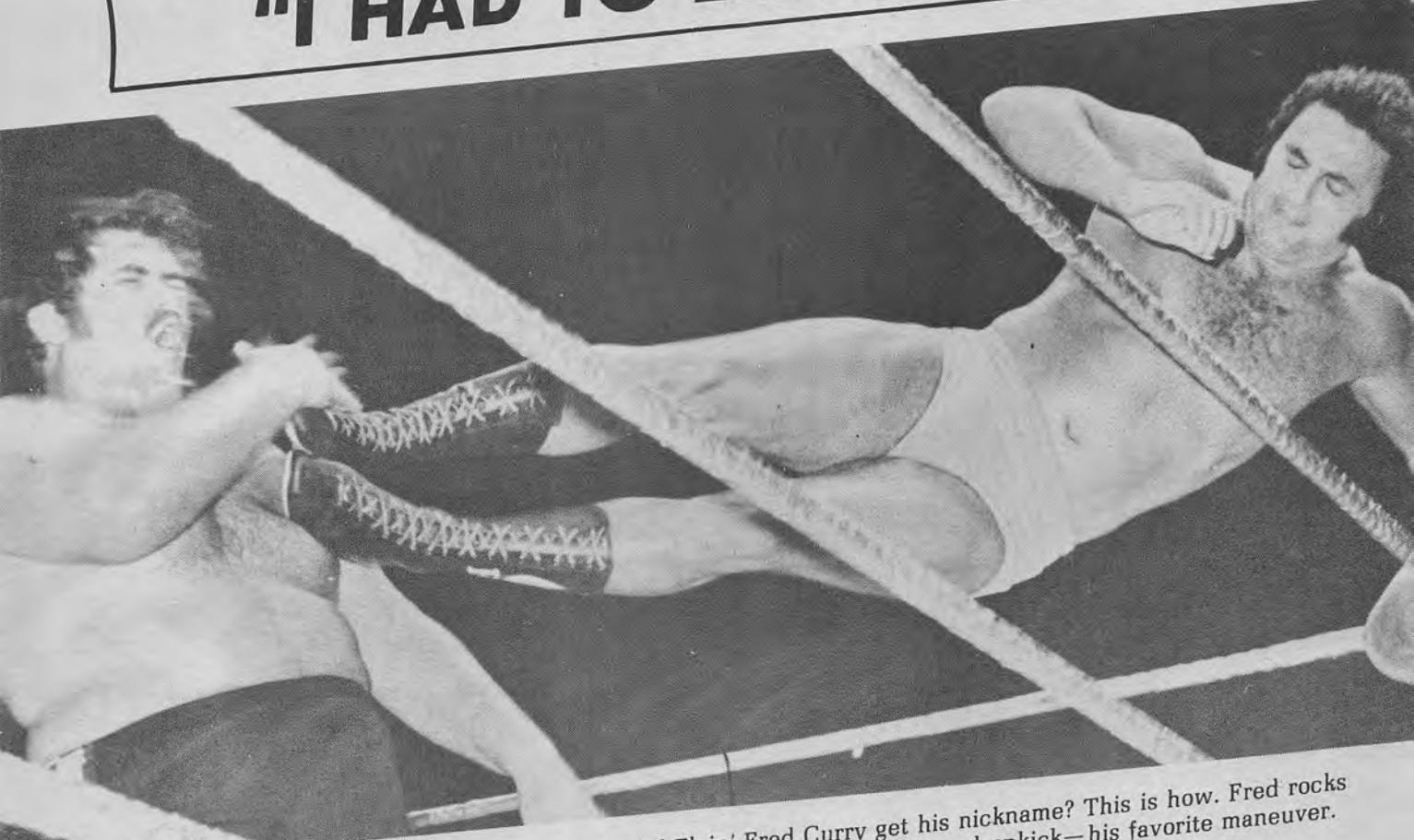


TRACY TULLY (12)
Bluegap Mission
Chinle, AZ 86503
Likes basketball. Pedro
Morales his favorite. Likes
good guys. Girls for PPs.



CHUCK BAILEY (22)
3627 North Brentwood Ave.
Indianapolis, IN 46236
Likes swimming, reading.
Favorite is Paul Christy.
Likes good guys. Girls for
pen pals.

FRED CURRY'S HEARTBREAK "I HAD TO LEAVE MY FATHER"



How did Flyin' Fred Curry get his nickname? This is how. Fred rocks Joe Nova with a devastating flying dropkick—his favorite maneuver.

WILD BULL CURRY! For years that name has struck fear into the hearts of wrestlers and wrestling fans alike. He's been called a maniac, a vicious animal, a savage, and worse. Much worse. The name Curry became a symbol of everything that was bad about professional wrestling.

A few years ago, the wrestling world shuddered when another Curry made his debut—Fred Curry, Wild Bull's son. "That's all this sport needs," people were saying, "another Curry to carry on the family's bad name."

But after an initial period during which he wrestled side-by-side with his notorious father, people began

to notice that Fred Curry *was not* a younger version of Wild Bull. If anything, the handsome young man seemed embarrassed by his father's actions.

Where Wild Bull Curry would attack fans, reporters, photographers and referees, as well as other wrestlers, Fred would go out of his way to be nice to those same people, often apologizing for his father's actions. Even in the early days when they teamed up, Wild Bull would wrestle in his usual vicious manner while Fred, when tagged, would climb into the ring and be strictly scientific. It was one of the strangest tag

teams anybody'd ever seen!

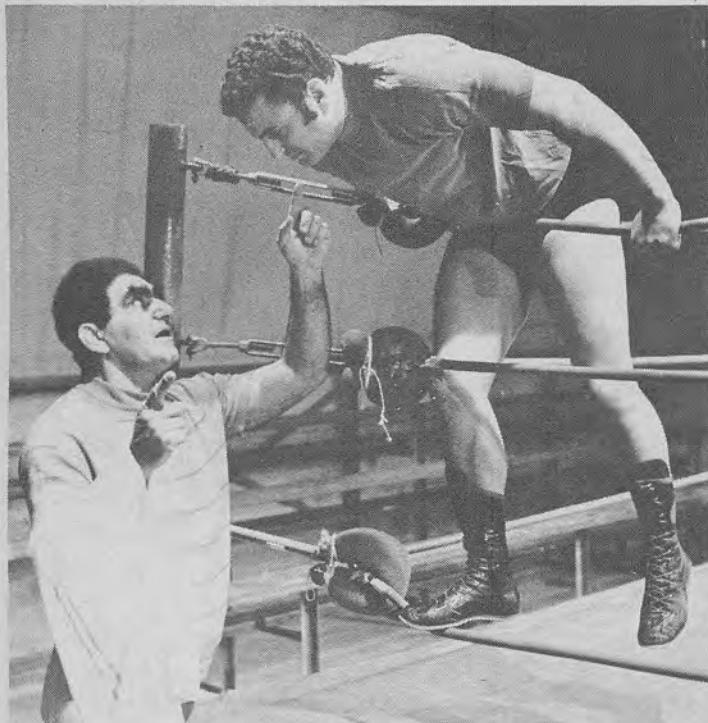
Inevitably, Wild Bull and Fred split up, each going his own way. The difference in their styles was too much to overcome. They're still close as father and son—but Fred Curry's mission now is to erase the blots his father put on the good family name.

"We almost never team up any more," Fred said almost dejectedly, "and I can't imagine us getting together again unless it's a very special occasion. My Dad's style and mine are at such opposite ends it's kind of hard to get in the ring together."

"I seem to like the scientific style

ING DECISION: TO RESTORE OUR GOOD NAME!"

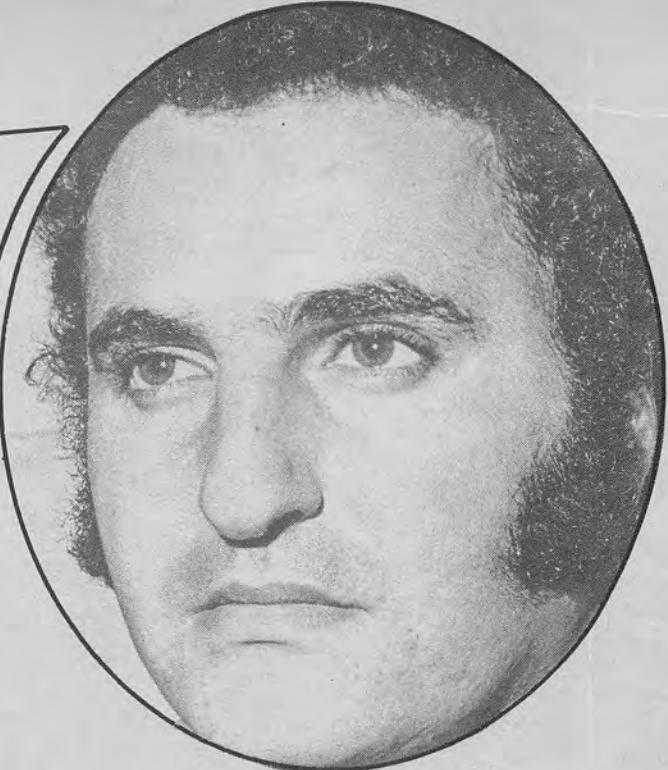
Although few other people do, Flyin' Fred Curry loves his father. They've always been very close. But Fred knew that some day he'd have to repudiate his Dad's style—even if it broke his father's heart!

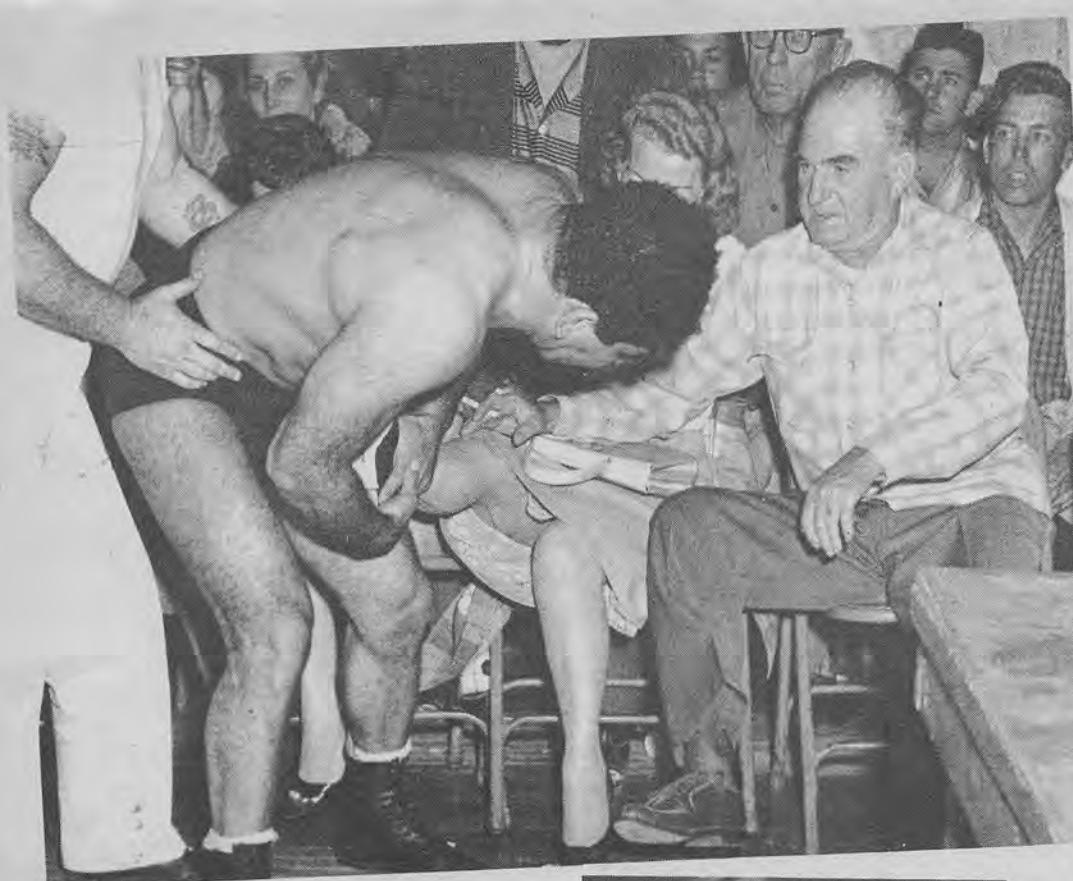


of wrestling and I guess it's no secret my father doesn't. I started wrestling in high school and college—well-supervised programs. In my Dad's day it was different. He had to fight and claw his way to the top. He's a mauler and will bring chairs in and things like that and, well, it's just not my style."

Fred has made a few attempts at finding out what makes his father tick. After one match in which Bull attacked a few fans and a photographer, Fred asked him why he did

Wild Bull Curry poses (right) during one of his calmer moments. Above: Bull instructs his son on one of the finer points of the sport. Even Fred was amazed at how much his father knows about scientific grappling. "He'd be just as great if he wrestled clean," Fred said about Bull.





Although Fred admires his father he just couldn't get used to Bull's style, which consists of such atrocities as attacking female fans (left) and photographers (below) as staff photographer Tony Lanza discovers. "Sure our styles in the ring are different," Fred notes, "but he's a great father and a great person. He taught me everything I know about wrestling."

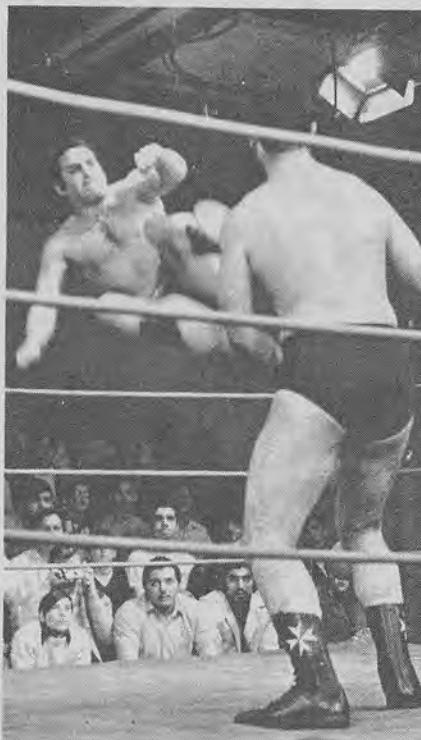
things like that.

"I didn't get much of an answer," he recalls. "Dad started yelling and screaming and told me to mind my own business when it comes to his matches. But he never does that about mine. He's my biggest critic. And a lot of things he's told me have been very beneficial. But he wants me to get a little rougher and punch more and I told him I just couldn't wrestle like that. Even when I was teamed with him I just couldn't follow his style."

Although their styles conflict, Fred does miss teaming with his father. "It was kind of fun in a way," he said, "because I love to watch him wrestle. He's a master in the way he wrestles."

Although they can't get together in terms of style, Fred is quick to point out that he doesn't want anybody to get the idea that he and his father don't get along.

"Sure, our styles in the ring are different," he noted, "but he's a great father and a great person. He taught me everything I know about wrestling and about life. I love my father and I'm not ashamed to say it. But I am ashamed of what the Curry name has come to stand for within the confines of the ring. If I'd appear in a city where nobody knew me, fans would boo me as soon as I walked out of the dressing room. They heard I was Bull Curry's son



and it meant only one thing. That's one reason why I split up with Dad. I had to leave my father to restore our good name."

It wasn't an easy decision for Fred to make. For years, Wild Bull Curry's dream was to see the day when he and his son, wrestling side by side, would wreak havoc on the wrestling world. He wanted—and hoped—to see Fred become a duplicate of himself, to carry on the tradition of the Curry name in wrestling.



In sharp contrast to his father's methods, Fred (left) relies just on science and rarely, if ever, resorts to illegal tactics.

Fred has done that last thing, but not in the manner Wild Bull ever expected. Fred has brought respect back to the Curry name—as far as wrestling is concerned. And although Bull is disappointed that Fred chose to be a scientific grappler, he surely isn't disappointed with the way his son turned out. Fred Curry is one of the brightest young superstars to enter professional wrestling in years!

Because he doesn't copy his fa-
(Continued on page 64)

WRESTLING'S HOTTEST NEW CRAZE

(Continued from Page 25)



Joyce drags Beverly by the head (left) while George heads across the ring to make sure Billy Blue Rivers doesn't get any bright ideas. Right: Both Beckers haul off and belt Billy as he gets trapped in the corner.



wife came to the rescue it would invariably wind up with all four inside the ring, the husbands squaring off against each other as well as the wives.

The Beckers won the opening fall when Joyce downed Beverly with a flying body press, but Beverly got even in the second fall when she clamped a submission hold on Joyce. That set up the final fall during which George Becker almost defeated Billy Two Rivers a number of times. But each time he clamped a finishing hold on him Billy's wife charged into the ring to break it up.

Finally, as George clamped an Abdominal Stretch on Billy, Joyce ran in and headed Beverly off before she could break the hold. As Joyce slugged Beverly, Billy was forced to concede, ending the match.

That's when Beverly belted her husband.

Could Joyce visualize herself belting George if he cost them a match?

"I doubt it," she said. "You can't win every match and somebody's got to lose the deciding fall. If it was me I know George wouldn't be mad. So I can't be angry if he lost."

"Besides, that's the fun of wrestling alongside your husband. I mean if you can't work well with your husband who can you work with? If we make a mistake we can discuss it that night at dinner. I think these husband-wife tag team matches are the greatest. We even save money on



George puts an Abdominal Stretch on Billy (above) as Joyce chases Beverly away so she can't help her husband. Right: Beverly threatens to belt her husband for losing the final fall to George Becker. Yup—Beverly slugged him.



baby sitters because we take our son with us."

The husband-wife matches have proven an unqualified success for promoters throughout the southeast. They've been particularly successful in the Carolinas and Georgia and it looks like the mixed husband-wife tag team matches might be the next big craze to sweep the wrestling world—if enough husband-wife teams can be found.

"I'd never miss one of these match-

es," said Aubrey Davis, a fan of the Beckers. "I think it's great when the men wind up wrestling the women. Take tonight, for example. Did you see Billy Blue Rivers' wife belt him when he lost the final fall? Well when I get home I get hassled by my wife every night. I go to the matches just to get away from her. I can come here and watch another guy get hassled by his wife. It makes me feel better. Even wrestlers aren't immune."

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"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it on a little over a thousand dollars of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise

offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—a little over a thousand dollars—and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one-man business while getting a start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent or other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But, best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And, I could build this little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it lifts out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture



fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over \$40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start for a little over a thousand dollars. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

Would you like to taste the freedom and independence enjoyed by Mr. Haikey? You can. Let us send you the facts. Mail the coupon, and you'll receive all the details, absolutely without obligation. No salesman will ever call on you. When you receive our illustrated booklet, you'll learn how we show you STEP BY STEP how to get customers; and how to have your customers get you more customers from their recommendations.

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Sincerely Yours...

THE REAL CHAMP

I am sure the *real* World Wide Wrestling Federation Champion is Baron Scluna. He has given Morales a run for his money several times but never got the belt because Morales paid the referee off. I also feel that the trial of Chief Jay Strongbow—vs King Curtis—was just a publicity stunt set up by the Indian. He just wants his picture in the magazine and also wants everyone to feel sorry for him. Recently Strongbow wrestled Scluna. I can't begin to tell you how dirty Strongbow wrestled. All the room in your magazine couldn't sufficiently give me all the space I need to tell you about his dirty tactics in that bout.

JOHN RELLAND
Lowell, Mass.

TONI'S TERRIFIC

Would you please do a "This Is Your Life" story devoted to Toni Rose? After all, she is the greatest girl wrestler in the world. Miss Rose is a lady in and outside the ring and she is also very attractive. Toni is a great wrestler. Why not give her the publicity she deserves?

ELWYN THORPE JR.
Bronx, New York

WOW—WHIPPER

Your magazines are the best and I haven't missed an issue. Why don't you do a story about Whipper Billy Watson? He is well respected for his wrestling prowess and community endeavors and for years was the "king of wrestling" in Toronto. Although he is retired due to a car accident, I don't think that should stop you from doing a special story about his fabulous career. I'll be waiting!

CHARLES MEISTER
Toronto, Ontario

PHONY FAROUK

The Sheik's loudmouth manager Abdullah Farouk is always denying that the animal he manages brings foreign objects into the ring. He claims that if a foreign object is found, "The Sheik did not bring it into the ring. It was his opponent." That's the biggest lie I've ever heard. I can prove that The Sheik carries foreign objects! I have seen photographs.

MICKY CONILL
Flushing, New York



Bruno Sammartino was the subject of a "This Is Your Life" story in INSIDE WRESTLING, Oct., 1970.

BRUNO'S LIFE

Hey, could you give Bruno Sammartino the "This Is Your Life" treatment? I'll bet all your readers would love to see that. I'm anxious to learn how he became champion and all about his tough-

est battles. Bruno's personal life must also be very interesting. How about it! Bruno is still the champ in my book!

STEPHEN BUENO
Bronx, New York

We already gave Bruno the "This Is Your Life" treatment. It was published in all its glory in the October 1970 issue of INSIDE WRESTLING. And copies of that historic issue are still available! See the back issue ad in this magazine for details on how to order a copy.—ED.

AGREES—BRUNO'S BEST

I have two favorite wrestlers. Bruno Sammartino is my first. I think he's a great wrestler and a fantastic person. The wrestler I like second best is Manny Soto. Of course I do like Pedro Morales but he'll never be the champ Bruno was.

GLORIA CHARLIP
Brooklyn, New York

BEST EVER

The August issue of THE WRESTLER was the best one ever. Although your usual feature stories were up to their normal standard of excellence, I was really pleased with three different kinds of stories—"A Referee Answers Your Questions," "Confessions Of An Unknown Wrestler" and "Watch Out New York—We're Coming After You." That's the type of material fans find nowhere else. I thought referee Dick Kroll was honest and candid and he explained things I never realized before. Now I'm able to see things from a referee's viewpoint. Rick Ferrera's story about being an "unknown" was magnificent. His desire to improve himself really comes across and I know he'll be a success some day. And it was great to read how

(Continued on page 59)

SAVES UP TO 2 GALLONS OF GAS EVERY HOUR!

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How? By eliminating "Fuel-Pump Slop-Over"! And thus feeding your car up to 25% LESS gas (as much as two gallons an hour in heavy stop-and-go driving) . . . at the same exact time that it gives you up to 25% MORE Horsepower doing it!

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- And up to \$100 a year savings on your repair bills alone—INSTANTLY . . . and for as long as you drive that car!

What does it cost you? Less than a new set of spark plugs! Less than five cents for every dollar you can save on gas bills THIS YEAR ALONE!

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Your car, like every other car, stores its gasoline in a gas tank . . . and then draws that gas out of that tank and feeds it to your engine with a fuel pump. This fuel pump was invented over fifty years ago! It is a mechanical idiot! It has no brain—just a pump! And therefore, it always feeds your engine THE SAME EXACT AMOUNT OF GASOLINE, whether you've stopped dead in traffic . . . or spurring past another car at eighty mile an hour!

The result? You waste gas! (That's right—gas is fed into your engine today, when you're pulled up for a light, your engine is being flooded with gas that it can't possibly burn! That's why stop-and-go driving is so incredibly expensive—because most of your gas goes right out the tailpipe.) Then when you pick up speed again to turn onto a highway . . . wasting a little less gas at 30 miles an hour . . . and finally getting just the right amount of gas for top performance at about 40 or 50 miles an hour!

And then, if you go over 50 miles an hour . . . if you really want to zoom away at 60, 70 or 80 . . . or if you need "instant-muscle" to flash away from another car on a curve . . . then your "idiot fuel pump" STILL gives you the same exact amount of gas it fed you when you were going 40 miles an hour LESS—and leaves you puffing and puffing with your neck stuck out, as though that car was 20 years old and carrying a ton of cement!

IT COULD COST YOU YOUR LIFE ON A BAD CURVE! IT DOES COST YOU UP TO \$100 A YEAR ON WASTED GAS ALONE! AND IT CAN ALL BE CORRECTED—IN JUST FIVE MINUTES WITH A SCREWDRIVER—LIKE THIS . . .

Now, just picture the startling difference with this ED ALMQVIST MINI-Injector on your engine—

As you can see by the photo above, the MINI-Injector is small enough to hold in your hand. It slips right on to your engine, between the fuel pump and the carburetor. A 12-year-old boy can put it on perfectly, using nothing more than a screwdriver. If he never opens the hood before. But once he's done . . . and once you switch on that engine again . . . you're going to HEAR the difference—and FEEL the difference—from the very first second that engine ROARS to life again.

Yes! ROARS to life again! Because this is a NEW TYPE OF ENGINE you're driving with from now on! An engine that operates at absolute top speed . . . in every driving second THAT DOESN'T GIVE ONE DROP OF GAS IT DOESN'T NEED . . . AND DOESN'T WASTE ONE OUNCE OF POWER THAT IT CAN DELIVER TO YOUR WHEELS!

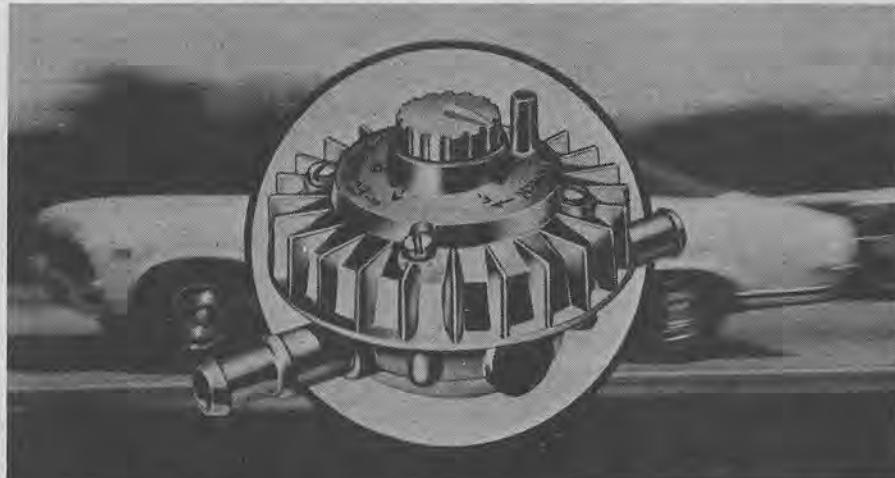
And this fact shows up for you the instant you start your car! Because—even on freezing mornings—your key is hardly in the switch before that engine is purring with power! Why? Because now there's no gas-flood at all. The walls of that cold engine aren't being cleaned off by extra gas. So the spark from catching fire . . . and that then drains out into your tailpipe, exactly as though you poured it right on the ground!

Now, at this time—YOUR ENGINE ITSELF SIGNALS TO THE MINI-Injector EXACTLY HOW MUCH GAS IT NEEDS TO START! And the MINI-Injector tells the fuel pump to deliver JUST THAT AMOUNT OF GAS, AND NOT ONE DROP MORE!

You're off in less time than it takes a second passenger to close the door. And you're about to take the most thrilling ride of your entire driving life!

You Would Never Have Believed That Your Engine Could Deliver Power Like This! AND ALL AT A SAVING OF ONE GALLON OUT OF EVERY FIVE!

Now pull into the street and start cruising up to the first traffic light. You'll notice instantly that your foot sits lighter on the pedal . . . that your engine sounds silken-smooth . . . that it's practically



floating up to that light, even though it was stone-cold only a few short seconds ago!

There's no coughing, or stalling or bucking—even in those first few cold minutes. And when you pull up to the light, and put your foot on the brake, your engine will tone right down to a contented purr. It will be quieter than you've ever heard it before, without the slightest shiver in the rest of the car itself. Because now that engine is NOT trying to spit out excess gas! Not trying to jerk away from your brake! NOT letting you know every waiting second that you're pouring money out of your tailpipe!

Now the light changes to green. Wait a second, and then carefully place your foot back on the gas pedal. Make sure to give it LESS pressure—THIS TIME—than you ever did before! BECAUSE THAT FOOT IS GOING TO GIVE YOU MORE BLAST-OFF POWER FROM THAT CAR THAN YOU'VE EVER KNOWN BEFORE! AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND A DAY OR TWO GETTING USED TO IT!

Prove It At The Lights! Prove It On The Hills! PROVE IT ON THE HIGHWAY—BY FLOATING RIGHT PAST OTHER CARS WHEN YOU WANT TO!

From that moment on, driving becomes a totally new experience for you. Because your car suddenly acts like an athlete—instead of a fat overfed fool!

Now you're not fouling that car with too much gas 80 per cent of

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS!

Here's how it saves you up to one gallon out of every five—at the same time that it gives you the most power-packed ride of your life!

Think of this MINI-Injector as having two main parts. The first is a "Miniature brain." And the second is an extra fuel pump connected right on to the brain.

Now, what happens when you put this MINI-Injector onto your car is this: The miniature brain automatically senses the exact amount of gas your engine needs at every driving second (it does this by measuring the vacuum pressure within that engine from second to second).

Your fuel pump, on the other hand, has no such measuring device. So it never knows how much gas your engine really needs. So it simply delivers the same amount of gas to that engine, no matter how hard, or how easy that engine is working!

But now MINI-Injector takes over! And if your fuel pump is delivering TOO MUCH gas to that engine, MINI-Injector blocks that extra gas with its own fuel pump—sends it back and holds it under compression until your carburetor calls for more gas!

Or, when your fuel pump is delivering TOO LITTLE gas to your engine—for example, when it's a life-or-death case of passing another car on a curve—MINI-Injector skyrocket's its own fuel pump into action, and shoots in that extra gas your engine needs. THE VERY SECOND IT NEEDS IT!

So you save the money you want—and you get the power you need—EVERY MINUTE YOU DRIVE!

Prove it yourself, entirely at our risk, today!

the time! Now you're not splashing your plugs . . . eating away your valves . . . corroding your cylinders . . . or draining power out of your engine for every mile you drive!

Now, instead, for perhaps the first time in your life, you are sitting behind the kind of lean, tough, instant-response engine that only sports-car drivers knew before! An engine that flattens hills right down at the merest touch of your foot! That takes off screaming at the light! That lets you want to . . . leaves other cars sitting behind you, choking in your dust!

An engine that simply glides past other cars at 70 . . . 80 . . . 90 miles an hour—whenever you want to walk away from them! And that has so much reserve power left that you KNOW that there's no jam you can get into on the highway that it can't zoom you right out of the lightest touch of your foot!

And most important—all—**USING EVERY THRILL-PACKED SECOND ONLY THE EXACT AMOUNT OF GAS THAT IT NEEDS AT THAT INSTANT—AND NOT ONE SINGLE DROP MORE!** So that the gas savings pile up—day after day . . . week after week . . . month after month! Till you've put a \$20 bill back in your pocket . . . a \$50 bill back in your pocket . . . a \$100 bill back in your pocket—all from a simple little "engine-brain" that costs you originally less than a single set of spark plugs!

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And what's the cost for all this performance and all these savings? Only \$119.80 complete—less than this MINI-Injector can save you in your very first month!

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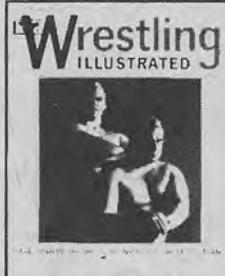
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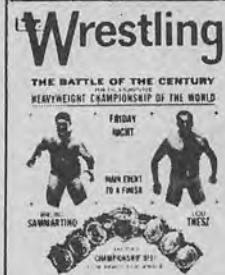
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THE FARGOS

(Continued from Page 23)



Johnny kicks Luis Martinez in the face while his brother holds the Mexican's arms behind his back (left). This is typical of the rambunctious Fargo brothers. Below: Donny screams out his reaction to the boos of fans who didn't care for how the Fargos treated Martinez.



ey. Of course we train hard with weights three times a week and when we're not doing that we live the good life. We want to get back on top where we belong. We want to wrestle in Madison Square Garden, in Chicago, L.A., all over the U.S. Once again the name of the Fabulous Fargos will stand for the top in tag team wrestling!"

There is little doubt that Don and John have taken up where Don and Jackie left off. They are just as brutal and just as clever as ever. They work smoothly together as a team and always help each other out whenever one gets in trouble.

John has learned fast. He's learned how to keep the referee busy while Donny is working over another wrestler in the corner. He has learned how to sucker an opponent into the corner where his brother can get hold of him. He has learned how to fake being hurt to throw his opponent off guard. He's just like Jackie used to be!

"Of course I am," he said, "because the same man who taught Jackie and Don taught me. For years I worked like crazy waiting for the day I could become one of the Fabulous Fargos. I used to sit home and listen to Jackie and Donny tell me stories about their travels, their women and their swinging life. I wanted that too. And now I have it. We live for ourselves because nobody's gonna give a damn about us except us."

"Is it gonna put any more money into my pocket if I'm nice to creeps like Luis Martinez? No! Ya know what happens to 'nice' wrestlers? They're broke wrestlers. Skid row bums! There are two kinds of guys in the world. Guys like Luis Martinez drink 39-cent a gallon muscatel. Guys like me drink \$25 a bottle scotch. Does that answer your question?"

The Fargos are obviously not "All-American boys." If there's a bad habit you can be sure they have it. They break every rule of modern athletics. They drink, smoke and run around with women till all hours of the night. Yet they're champions. Maybe you can figure it out. □

Sincerely

(Continued from Page 56)

the girl wrestlers have finally gotten together to battle New York's silly laws which, since that story appeared, have been changed. Keep up the good work.

KATHY BENSON
Pascagoula, Miss.

DYNAMITE!

Oh man! That T.N. Turner. She's dynamite! She looks the way a chick should look and wrestles like a tiger. No wonder roller derby fans love her. I just hope she stays in wrestling and doesn't go back to her old sport. We men need more girls who look like she does. In fact, I say get rid of all the dumpy, ugly girl wrestlers and let's have more about dolls like T.N.

WES DAVIDSON
Kankakee, Ill.



T.N. Turner is drawing hundreds of new followers because of her good looks and dynamic ability.

LOVES THE LOVES

Thanks for that great story about those two living dolls—the fabulous Love Brothers. I'll save that August issue of INSIDE WRESTLING forever. It's about time fans recognized two guys who know how to act, to talk, to be cool and to wrestle. We've had enough of overweight slobs and animalistic maniacs. I love the Loves!

TERRI SAWICKI
Brantford, Ontario

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THE BEAST AND THE BUTCHER

(Continued from Page 47)



The Beast (above) is a victim of a backdrop, but he and Butcher get revenge (below) by working over semi-conscious Ricky Romero.



Two referees try to pull The Beast off of Gino Brito after he and his wild partner almost killed Brito.

worked as a guide and "adventurer." He became a paratrooper in the Canadian Air Force and then seems to have dropped out of the world for a period of about five years—a period of time he refuses to talk about.

The Beast, an extremely powerful man, was brought up on a farm and got his strength lifting 100 and 200-pound sacks of potatoes. He joined the Canadian Air Force when he got tired of farming and that's where he met Butcher. After their discharges, he went up to the north woods with Butcher and then he, too, just disappeared from sight.

When they popped up again they popped up as professional wrestlers. More clearly, they are two men who make a living in wrestling. Beast and Butcher, as most opponents would tell you, can hardly be classified as wrestlers.

"They don't know the first thing about wrestling," said Ricky Romero, who'd been a victim of their savagery in Texas. "You can't call them wrestlers. They're common streetfighters, hoodlums who don't know a hammerlock from a leg scissors. If you watch

them in the ring you could just as easily be watching a fight among longshoremen on the docks: They have no style, no knowledge of holds, nothing. The most scientific hold I ever saw either of them use was a choke!"

Beast and Butcher do not deny they aren't exactly the pictures of wrestling skill and science. "Holds?" questioned the Butcher. "Who needs holds? A waste of time. The object in this sport is to inflict as much punishment on your opponent as you can without having him inflict any on you. Period. And you do that in any way you can."

"We do not pretend to be what we are not," added the Beast. "We are not scientific wrestlers and we do not

pretend to be. Nobody ever cringed in fear from a scientific wrestler. Nobody ever ran away from a scientific wrestler. But they cringe in fear from us and many of our opponents were last seen running away from us. That's what we consider wrestling to be. Remember. In a battle between man and Beast—always take the Beast!"

The philosophy of Beast and Butcher is simple. Do whatever you have to do to win. They constantly rush into the ring to help each other out of trouble without bothering to tag. They constantly take every opportunity they can to double team an opponent. If they have little in the way of wrestling skill—they certainly have teamwork.

"That's why they rarely if ever wrestle by themselves," points out Gino Brito, who faced them in a tag team match in Montreal. "Neither one of them can wrestle worth a damn by himself so they're always a team. One of them wouldn't last two minutes on his own. But they're always bailing each other out. And dirty? Wow! These guys would do anything—and I mean anything—to win."

"In the match I had against them, the Butcher started the match and three seconds after the bell rang he had his hands around my throat. Then he dragged me to a corner where the Beast was waiting. He started gouging my eyes while Butcher increased the pressure on my throat. When the referee told them to break they paid no attention. He counted to 'two' and they broke the hold. In a split second they were back at it again."

Beast and Butcher were ultimately disqualified, as is the case in most of their matches. But it doesn't seem to bother them the least. "Why should it?" asked the Beast. "Do you think those bums Gino Brito and Eddie Auger want to wrestle us again? Not on your life. They all react the same way. They'll take on the Beast and the Butcher once—never twice."

Right now, there are forces at work seeking to expel the Beast and Butcher from Canada just as they were driven out of Texas. But even if that campaign is successful these two will probably just pop up somewhere else.

Nobody may really know what the Beast and the Butcher are. But everyone seems to know *who* they are. And that's just the way the two maniacs want it. □

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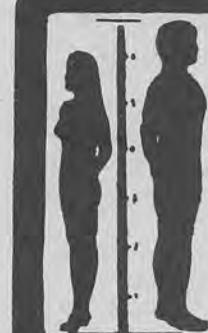
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SHEIK'S BROTHER?

(Continued from Page 19)

prayers to Allah to give our opponents courage and strength to face us. And all Arabian wrestlers do that. And so far those prayers have been answered. I've come up against some of the toughest wrestlers in the world and of course I've come out victorious. I'm the former Southern Heavyweight Wrestling champion and I'll soon regain that belt."

Mephisto claims he began wrestling when he was six years old and he was sent to Russia to launch his amateur career. He remained there as an amateur until he was 19 years old. Then he turned professional and has been wrestling all over the world—particularly in the middle east—ever since.

However, a check with various promoters in key cities all over the world revealed no record of a "Mephisto" or "Great Mephisto"—except for Saudi Arabia. And that record shows he's been wrestling there for only a short period of time. In fact, his first bout took place about two weeks after the time The Sheik's brother's tribe dispersed!

If The Sheik and Mephisto are brothers, they're doing a pretty good job of convincing everyone they're brothers who hate each other's guts. Through Abdullah Farouk you've already heard how that camp feels about Mephisto. What does Mephisto have to say about The Sheik?

"Not only do I not imitate The Sheik as his hired flunky, Farouk, insisted, I really do not believe there's even a comparison between us. I am much tougher than he is and I possess a much greater knowledge of wrestling skills than he does. From the little I know about him I've heard he uses pencils to carve up his opponents and he kicks and bites and gouges. Does that sound like a man who has been trained in the skills of wrestling? Hardly. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't be surprised if The Sheik saw me wrestle in the middle east and got his ideas for the prayer rug and the camel on the trunks from me. I've been told he used to have a princess with him in the ring. He must've copied that from me. I've had a servant girl with me since I was 18 years old. It is the custom of my people."

One area in which The Sheik and Mephisto certainly differ is in their attitude towards champions like



Mephisto carries his prayer rug into the ring before his Florida match against Tim Woods.

Dory Funk Jr., Bobo Brazil and others. Whereas The Sheik professes a dislike for every wrestler—especially other champions—Mephisto candidly admits he openly roots for Dory Funk Jr. to successfully defend his N.W.A. heavyweight championship whenever he wrestles.

"I always hope that Funk comes out on top in any match he appears in," Mephisto said, through an interpreter, of course. "He has had a long-standing record as champion and I would hate to see him get defeated before I had my chance to get him in the ring with me. I think I could defeat him."

"I have a hold called the 'Reverse Brainbuster' and it's the most devastating hold in the wrestling business today. This hold consists of my bringing my opponent towards me and I lock my arms under his arms and I take him into the air and I drop him on my knees and drive his head into the mat. It means certain defeat for him. It's much more devastating than the piledriver because in the piledriver the opponent's head is placed

Can you tell which Arab is which? If you said that it's Mephisto who's praying in the photo on the right and The Sheik who's praying in the photo below—you're right.



between the legs and the wrestler sits down driving his opponent's head into the mat. But I have elevation with the wrestler almost shoulder to shoulder with him over the top of my head and when I drop him his own weight works against him as he comes down."

Mephisto has been compared to The Sheik so often and by so many people he's anxious—or so he says—to wrestle him. "I'd love a match against this man to settle things once and for all," he stated. "In fact, I'd like to wrestle him in a 'loser leave North America' match. Whomever lost would have to go back to Saudi Arabia. Don't get the idea, however, that I'm knocking Saudi Arabia. It's just that the big money is here. In fact, if I defeat Funk for the world title I plan to take it back to Saudi Arabia with me and make all the wrestlers go there in order to try and win it back."

Despite the obvious comparisons, there are startling differences between Mephisto and The Sheik. Mephisto is not as brutal as his Arabian counterpart and has not yet been seen raking pencils across the foreheads of his opponents. Don't get the idea that he's an angel, however. He's not. He's just not as wild as The Sheik.

Also, in a recent match against Tim Woods, Mephisto was beaten in

less than three minutes...something that would never happen to The Sheik. Whereas The Sheik is reluctant to talk to anybody, preferring Abdullah Farouk to be his mouthpiece, Mephisto, although he knows no English, will gladly talk to reporters through his interpreter or servant girl.

He has run into problems with fans, however. The first time a fan stuck a piece of paper in front of him for an autograph—Mephisto ate it. There are no such things as autographs where he comes from and he couldn't understand how people could waste something as valuable as paper just to get someone's signature.

Since neither Mephisto nor The Sheik admit any kinship whatsoever, it's quite possible they aren't related at all. But if they aren't it appears one of 'em is an outright copycat.

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FRED CURRY (Continued from Page 52)

ther's style many fans think there is a rift between father and son. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Fred tells a story about the day he told his father that he couldn't wrestle the way Wild Bull wanted him to.

"He was very disappointed," Fred remembers. "He asked me if I was sure I wanted to stick by the rules and be a scientific wrestler. I told him I was. Then he told me that while he wasn't crazy about the idea he would support me in whatever I wanted to do. Then he said, 'If you're going to stay within the rules you might as well know all there is to know.'

"We went to a gym and had a five-hour session. He showed me a collection of scientific holds and moves and escapes that stunned me. I never knew he could wrestle like that. We sparred for two hours and he had me flying through the air or flat on my back most of the time. And not once did he use an illegal maneuver.

"I asked him why he wrestled the way he did when he knew so many scientific holds. He told me it was

a matter of preference and that before he could wrestle the way he did he had to be able to wrestle scientifically. Then he showed me some of the things he does in the ring and how to defend myself against them. By the time we finished I came away with more respect for him than ever before. And I'm convinced that if he chose to be a scientific wrestler he could be one of the great ones. He knows it all."

Even though they constantly tease each other about coming over to the other's side, both men respect the other's ability. Although Bull would be happier if Fred were more of a ruffian, he's pleased as can be that his son is one of the top-rated young grapplers and is well on his way to becoming a success. And Fred, although he doesn't like the way his



Bull (right) pulls Eddie Auger's hair just before he sank his teeth into him. Below: His son, on the other hand, executes a perfect leap over the back of Pancho Vampiro. Like father like son? Certainly not in this case!



father wrestles, is proud that his father has been such a success for so many years.

"I'm in a very strange position," Fred admitted. "My fans can't understand how I can get along with my father because we're such opposites. Sure I hate the way he wrestles. He's a dirty wrestler. He admits it and so do I. But he's one of the greatest dirty wrestlers who ever lived and that's what I respect him for. As I stated earlier, the only thing he ever did that disturbs me is to make the Curry name synonymous with one style of wrestling. I like to believe I'm changing that."

"Both my father and I knew that



Bull hoists a steel garbage can over his head to ward off fans in San Angelo, Texas, when they tried to attack him after a bout.

when we split up people would think we disliked each other. That's what made the decision so hard. It was something I thought about for months. But it was something I had to do. I love Bull Curry as a father and I love him as a person. But I'm against everything he does when he's in that ring.

"Maybe some day he'll change his ways, although I doubt it. If that day comes I'd love to team with him again. But until then I'll continue to wrestle in my own way to show the world that the name of Curry can stand for something else besides viciousness." □



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